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Editors

FREDA KIRCHWEY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
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Associate Editors

MARGARET MARSHALL MAXWELL S. STEWART

Editorial Associates

HEYWOOD BROUN ALVIN JOHNSON
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The Shape of Things

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WITH A GENIUS FOR DOING THE RIGHT thing at the wrong moment, Senator Pittman of Nevada is reported to have suggested that citizenship be taken away from all Americans participating in the Spanish civil war. For years American adventurers have served in the armies of Central and South American dictators who held power only by force of arms. As recently as 1934 American aviators aided Chiang Kai-shek in his struggle against the Chinese red army. Yet the moment a few American idealists enlist in the defense of Spanish—and world—democracy, agitation is started not only to punish future volunteers but to apply it retroactively to all Americans fighting on the loyalist side. The case is but one illustration of the danger of rigid neutrality laws which take no account of political realities. Many others could be cited. Mr. Villard, who supports a mandatory neutrality on another page of this issue, would be the last to deny, for example, that Hitler is the greatest threat to world peace today; yet any policy which would arbitrarily cut off all American trade with belligerents in the event of war would react directly to the advantage of Hitler and to the disadvantage of England, France, and the other democratic states which are normally dependent on American supplies. It is probable that no neutrality policy could keep us out of a war once it was started, but a discretionary policy might be a powerful weapon to prevent war if the United States would throw its economic strength in support of collective security.

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THE CHANCES FOR A BATTLE OF THE TITANS between the President and the Supreme Court in the coming year seem rather slim. The justices have thus far this term shown a new sweetness and light toward state legislation and administrative measures, and the President may be expected at least to meet them halfway. We welcome the new attitude of the court, but we have learned to fear Greeks bearing gifts. We cannot believe that the recent decisions mark a definite change of heart on the part of the court majority. They represent in part a response to the Roosevelt electoral sweep, in part a reflection of the new and more tolerant mood of the business community toward the Administration, and in part the temporary victory of the minority judges, who have throughout been arguing against the assumption of legislative power by the court. But the crucial court battles are yet to come. It is significant that the Labor

Relations Act cases have been deferred to the week of February 8 to allow Justice Stone time for recovery. This indicates that the decisions, at least in the cases that do not involve interstate commerce directly, are likely again to depend on the "odd man." Meanwhile the sentiment for a constitutional amendment to equip Congress with adequate power seems to be lagging. It is likely to be revived only when labor groups or farm groups have once more felt the impact of the Supreme Court ax.

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HARRY HOPKINS IS FIGHTING FOR A RELIEF budget based on the expectation that we shall have a permanent body of unemployed far exceeding that of the pre-depression years. Specifically he wants an appropriation of \$750,000,000 for work relief for the first half of 1937 instead of the \$500,000,000 generally reported to be the President's figure. Against him is ranged the business man—and his name is legion—who got a dividend check one morning and decided that relief should stop the next. Louis Stark has recently contributed to the *New York Times* a comprehensive survey of the problem of unemployment and relief which should convince every thinking person that a long-range plan of work relief is essential. The ever-rising productivity of labor must throw an ever-increasing number of workers into the discard unless new industries spring up. The WPA is one substitute for non-existent new industries; and business men, if they knew their own best interests, would be the first to support a device designed to bolster capitalism, not destroy it.

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THE TERMS ON WHICH CHIANG KAI-SHEK was released can only be surmised from subsequent political developments at Nanking, but it is probable that they were not unfavorable to the anti-Japanese faction. Chang Hsueh-liang's sensational journey to Nanking has all the appearances of a face-saving gesture by a man who had obtained his demands by rather dubious tactics. The best indication that the settlement may have included a commitment for a firmer stand against Japanese aggression is to be found in the fact that the negotiations were carried out by T. V. Soong, former Minister of Finance, who is known to be strongly anti-Japanese and is being mentioned as the next Premier. It happens that Soong is the one man in China who can command support from both Nanking and the opposition. As a brother-in-law of Chiang Kai-shek, he is tied by unbreakable family bonds to the present ruling clique. His sister, Mme H. H. Kung, is credited with being the power behind the Nanking throne. At the same time he has the prestige of having served in the left Hankow government in 1927, and is the only member of the Soong family who has kept on friendly terms with his elder sister, Mme Sun Yat-sen, the chief spokesman of the left opposition. Soong is an exceptionally able man and is known to harbor ambitions for national leadership. If China is to achieve a genuine united front against Japan, he is the logical leader.

POPE PIUS'S CHRISTMAS BROADCAST, PLANNED to offset anxiety about his illness, has only served to aggravate it. The faltering speech, the painful pauses, and the news that followed of his exhausted condition leave little doubt that this is the last time his voice will be heard. To his successor he will leave a throne that is no longer a rock but a raft tossed on the waves of the world's social and political struggles. Threatened from the right in Germany, from the left in Spain, the Pope, though he took issue in his speech with the "false and fatal" ideas of those "who pretend to be defenders of order against subversion," has more outspokenly aligned the church against the left. By identifying his crusade against communism with opposition to the government in Spain, he has directed the Catholic church, with its more than 330,000,000 members, to become the enemy of any people's-front movement in any future crisis.

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EVER SINCE THE ELECTION OF MIGUEL GOMEZ as President of the Republic of Cuba, Colonel Fulgencio Batista has been telling his best friends that the façade of democratic government would be dismantled immediately after the American Presidential election of 1936. The prediction has been borne out, except that the dismantling took place in December when it had been expected in November. Laredo Bru is now President, but well-informed observers expect Batista himself to take over the office within a short time. Batista is not a lone dictator. He is rather the spokesman for a military junta whose members are also ambitious. With Batista in the Presidential chair, José Eleuterio Pedraza y Cabrera, inspector general of the army, chief of police for the whole island, and officially designated successor to Batista, can become commander-in-chief; this in turn will open the way for promotion to other members of the army clique who are anxious to dip their hands deeper into power and gold. This clique will control, for instance, the appropriation for army schools which Gomez vetoed; and the moneyed classes of Cuba will continue to find such appropriations a cheap enough price to pay for complete suppression of labor unions and strikes.

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WHEN GLASS WORKERS GO ON STRIKE AND shut down 90 per cent of production, the supply of windshields gets low; when the supply of windshields gets low, the automobile belt slows down; when the conveyor is shut off, the need for steel falls off; and when the demand for steel slackens, the noise of the steel mills is muted. In the ensuing silence along the industrial front the mere worker, who has not been able before to make his voice heard over the roar of machinery, can talk turkey to employers who like to think that the machinery and the executive brain are the real creators of automobiles and profits. The lack of unionization in the mass-production industries has given color to that illusion. To William S. Knudsen of General Motors the realization that he could not afford to ignore the demand for a conference with Homer S. Martin of the United

Automobile Workers and the Committee for Industrial Organization must have come as a bit of a shock. By breaking the bottle neck of craft unionism the C. I. O. has loosed strong forces for economic and political change which are already in motion. "The present trouble," as the president of a brokerage firm put it, "differs from previous happenings" in that it involves "dreams of political power" as well as the desire for dues-paying members. N. B.: William Green has issued a statement in which he congratulates the A. F. of L. for its organizing work in the mass-production industries! In the same statement he sets the wage necessary for a family at \$3,600. Given time, the C. I. O. may accomplish even that.

*

THE GREAT FRIEND OF SYPHILIS AND THE worst obstacle in the way of its elimination is the taboo under which the subject has been buried. Surgeon General Parran's convention to control venereal disease just concluded in Washington discloses a significant change in the public attitude. Euphemisms are being discarded, and syphilis and gonorrhea are being openly discussed. Indications of the change are the warm indorsement of the conference by Mr. Roosevelt, the series of articles in the *New York Daily News*, the Institute of Public Opinion's poll, which was 90 per cent in favor of a government campaign of public education on venereal disease. These are encouraging signs but they are not enough. While Great Britain has halved its syphilis rate since 1920, while Scandinavia, with a population equal to that of New York State, has reduced its rate to 2,000 new cases annually in comparison to New York's 50,000, in this country syphilis continues to attack half a million persons each year, more than are the victims of scarlet fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis, and automobile accidents put together. With Wassermann tests made a routine part of every physical examination, compulsory reporting of cases, and free treatment for all cases, we could do what Scandinavia has done.

*

IN SPITE OF ITS RATHER GRANDIOSE TITLE the new Women's Charter is a good working outline of the present objectives of most progressive women's organizations. It combines demands for equal opportunities in education and public life with a realistic grasp of the need for protective legislation in industry. Representatives of some fourteen organizations, as well as the Department of Labor, collaborated in formulating the charter, which will be submitted to women's organizations throughout the world and ultimately to the League of Nations and the International Labor Office. Obviously the document will meet with objections as well as indorsements. The National Women's Party in the United States has already denounced it for supporting the discriminations implied in protective legislation. Their position is, as always, logically sound and theoretically progressive. Humanly, however, it is impractical and reactionary. As the charter emphasizes, minimum-wage laws and restrictions on working hours are essential for

men as well as women. But in the present phase of our industrial development, to oppose such laws for the protection of women until they can be passed—and sustained—for both sexes is to delay indefinitely the achievement of decent standards.

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WE CANNOT ADD OUR OWN WREATH TO the garlands of praise that have been heaped upon Arthur Brisbane. Granted that he was a successful newspaperman, granted that he had the power of simple speech to reach and influence millions of Americans, one must still inquire into the nature of his success and the way he used his power. His success was tied up with that of Hearst, and he was part and parcel of the degradation of American journalism that Hearst's name implies. He used his power over words to express not the interests of the masses and the middle class who read him but their prejudices. Despite Mr. Roosevelt's delight in "exploring with him the teachings of history and the philosophy of our civilization," he was neither a cultural historian nor a social philosopher, unless those terms are denuded of all meaning. His importance in American life will not lie in his achievement but will be documentary: men will read him in later generations and say, "This is the sort of stuff Americans used to read in those days and think they were reading philosophy." As one compares him with his father, Albert Brisbane, a genuine and militant reformer who saw the possibilities of American life, one can measure in the span the thinning out of the American tradition.

Drift, Not Mastery

EVERY indication is that 1937 will mark time. Neither the program that the Congress now assembling will draft, nor the message that the President reads to them, nor his inaugural address is likely to contain the stuff of decisive action. None of them will be in any real sense progressive. They will be part of a new policy of drift and indecisiveness.

Harbingers of this new policy are already to be seen all around us. The budget-balancing crusade is on. Relief expenditures are being cut. The tax structure may, with luck, stay as it is: it is likely to be revised downward. Further bank legislation is being soft-pedaled, and whatever is proposed will strike a snag in the feud between Senator Glass and Governor Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board. The much-mooted farm-tenancy program is likely to fall short of the projected Bankhead bill. The power program is caught tragically in a Capulet-Montagu tangle in the Tennessee Valley. Further regulation of the security market may be pushed eventually, but investigations now under way will take some time, and some legislation is not probable until the next session of Congress. In fact, the most hopeful activity going on now in Washington consists of investigations. While they are doing much to lay bare the ribbed structure of finance

capitalism, no further steps seem contemplated for tightening the control over the finance capitalists. And as for the vaunted struggle between Mr. Roosevelt and the Supreme Court oligarchy, or the plans for constitutional amendments, they are gone with the wind that blew through the country on Election Day.

Some will attribute the gloomy outlines of this picture to the biliousness of progressives. To us it seems to represent only the obvious deductions and projections of what is happening today in and out of Washington. Paul Ward, who writes on the subject elsewhere in this issue, sees in the whole matter the triumph of bureaucracy over good intentions. But one may go farther and build up a logical defense for the new "mellow mood" that the newspapermen tell us the President is in.

That defense would run as follows: The emergency which originally inspired the New Deal is now over. Recovery, as the recently issued Roper report tells us, is definitely on its way. In fact, it has about caught up with us, the index of industrial production for November being 114, using 1923-25 as a base. There must be an end therefore to the harrying of business with new tax measures and devices for control. The most that the government can be expected to do is to consolidate the positions it has won. The real sphere of activity for the next four years is in foreign affairs. America has a mission to perform in showing that a capitalist democracy can regain prosperity, preserve order, and achieve an equilibrium of social forces. To attempt at this point to push the program of government control farther would be to court the forces which have in Europe produced fascism and revolutionary disturbance.

So runs the argument, and to some it may prove persuasive. But the pity of it is that such an argument should ever be made. If it is the pattern of thought uppermost in Mr. Roosevelt's mind now, he has traveled a good way from the Roosevelt who said as late as November, 1936, "We have only just begun to fight." Can it be that the President is really taking in good faith the cries of "Kamerad!" coming from the National Association of Manufacturers, the newspaper publishers, and others who so recently regarded him as the Antichrist?

We are not arguing for a policy of vengeance. But millions of Americans have supported the New Deal program not only as an emergency measure but because it promised a controlled economy and a progressive social system. Mr. Roosevelt's stature, for them, lay in his decisiveness, the sense that he gave of mastery over an economic system that had formerly been allowed to drift. Our premise is that Mr. Roosevelt was sincere, but that he is now yielding to the atmospheric pressure of business recovery, widespread public fatigue with "problems," and general good-fellowship. And he is thus falling into a policy of drift which must breed dismay.

To be fair to Mr. Roosevelt, one must say that it is a different kind of drift from that of the Coolidge and Hoover administrations. They were concerned to have the sort of government in which big enterprise practically ran the country. Mr. Roosevelt, if we understand him rightly, is concerned with maintaining a balance of social

forces and letting well enough alone. During the depression, when the business men of the country were in panic and their forces were demoralized, Mr. Roosevelt was able to crack a whip over them and give the impression of mastery. Now that business has recovered from its demoralization, he finds that if he wishes to push his program farther he must actually place himself at the head of the common people who voted for him and force the issue. That might mean a social struggle, continued rancor, the sort of class bitterness that has gathered around the Blum government in France. And that Mr. Roosevelt seems unwilling to risk.

The President has a chance in his message to Congress, in his inaugural address, and in his guidance of Congress to show that he has not slackened in his determination to build a progressive society in America. Otherwise the American people may yet see through the illusion of reform governments under capitalist parties. They will know that even the Roosevelts cannot give them the sort of mastery over their economic fortunes which is essential for achieving real living standards. That can come only when the labor forces have put themselves at the head of their natural allies among the farmers and the middle class, and learned to act on a political plane.

Hitler's Tangled Web

GERMANY'S demand that Spain release the steamer Palos has precipitated the most serious international crisis of the Spanish civil war. The Basque government at Bilbao has indicated that it will ignore the demand on the ground that the Palos was carrying contraband materials. This leaves Hitler in a position where he must either intervene openly on the side of the rebels, as he has apparently been requested to do by General Franco, or back down and suffer a disastrous loss of face. The firm stand taken by England and France against the further dispatch of German troops under the guise of "volunteers" makes Hitler's choice doubly difficult. Under the circumstances intervention might lead not only to a general European war but to a war in which Germany's chance for victory would seem extremely slim.

For there can be no question that England as well as France would be arrayed against the Reich in a war growing out of the violation of Spanish neutrality. Somewhat belatedly Britain has realized that its imperial interests would be very seriously threatened by a German occupation of the Iberian peninsula. Reports from London indicate that a French request for an increase in the British expeditionary force in case French North African troops were delayed by German control of the Mediterranean was the immediate cause of Britain's sudden shift in policy. Baldwin was apparently made to realize that inadequate French man-power might enable Germany to seize the Channel ports and possibly invade England before the cumbersome British defenses could be perfected.

There is every indication, moreover, that Mussolini,

under British pressure, has agreed to withdraw his active support of the Spanish rebels, leaving Hitler to hold the bag. Italy has even more reason than England to fear the permanent occupation of Spain by Germany; and success for the rebels under present circumstances would amount to just that. In addition, Mussolini appears to have obtained a substantial quid pro quo from the British government, including de facto recognition of the conquest of Ethiopia and the offer of much-needed financial assistance in exploiting his new African empire. To make the situation even worse for the Nazis, Germany's latest ally—Japan—is torn at the moment by a grave domestic crisis growing out of the German-Japanese pact.

Threatened by complete isolation Hitler is most unlikely to provoke a war. As the result of years of exchange difficulties Germany is practically denuded of important raw materials. Military preparations have not yet been fully completed. And most important of all, the Reich is deficient in essential foodstuffs. While it might be argued that a serious domestic situation is the sort of incentive which would cause Hitler to gamble everything on a foreign war, there is little evidence that the current food shortage has yet created an internal political crisis. On the contrary, the offer of colonies which France is alleged to have made would probably assure Hitler of mastery over the internal situation for an indefinite period.

But the danger of war is by no means eliminated. Hitler will doubtless try to play both sides of the game. He may seek to conciliate Britain and Italy while continuing to support the rebel cause secretly. In this way he may avoid an immediate showdown and yet seek the advantages which would accompany a rebel victory. The difficulty of this course of action lies in the fact that the rebels seem to be beaten unless they can obtain immediate large-scale assistance from the Reich. If this is actually the case, Hitler will be compelled to retreat unless he wishes to be caught in the sort of tangled diplomatic web which he so carefully prepared for the Soviet Union.

Gold Is Dethroned

OUETLY and without fanfare the Treasury has taken a step which may well have more effect on the economic well-being of the American people than all of the laws enacted by the Seventy-fourth Congress. Hereafter the Treasury will buy outright all newly mined and imported gold so as to prevent it from serving as a basis for potential credit expansion. The former practice of issuing gold certificates to the Federal Reserve system will be discontinued. Similarly, gold exports will be withdrawn without any contraction in the credit structure. This action has been taken as a safeguard against inflation. In the past two years the United States has added approximately three billion dollars to its gold reserves, sufficient for a credit expansion of at least twenty-five billion dollars. While this expansion has not occurred, more than two billion dollars

has accumulated in the Reserve Banks as excess reserves ready to be used as a foundation of an epoch-making boom once the momentum of business demand gets fully under way.

Sympathy with the immediate objectives of the Treasury's policy should not blind us to its rather menacing implications. Before the depression all countries, including the United States, depended on the ebb and flow of gold not only to adjust international prices and standards of living but to mitigate the rigors of booms and depressions. While the system has not worked any too well since the war owing to the imposition of various forms of governmental control, it remains the only known means of achieving an equilibrium of economic forces throughout the world. The Treasury's action constitutes a complete break with the automatic mechanism of the gold standard, and places the United States unequivocally on a managed monetary basis. This is unquestionably a necessary step, but it carries great dangers if the men in control are influenced, as has been so frequently the case in the past, by narrow nationalistic prejudices or are preoccupied with short-run problems. For American monetary policy of necessity has profound effect on the entire world, and a step which may seem to our immediate advantage may ultimately have catastrophic consequences.

It happens that one of the best illustrations of this occurred in connection with a previous attempt to "sterilize" gold. In 1928 the Federal Reserve authorities became alarmed at the huge flow of gold to the United States and took steps to render a portion of the imports "inactive." The move doubtless prevented the 1929 boom from going to greater extremes, but it also prevented a natural adjustment in American prices which would ultimately have permitted gold to flow out again to the hard-pressed debtor countries. Many economists attribute the depression primarily to the "sterilization" policy of the Reserve Board and the board's subsequent failure to raise the rediscount rate quickly and drastically enough.

The same error might easily be made again. Since devaluation American prices have tended to be somewhat below the world level, and any attempt to curb their natural rise might accentuate the unhealthy condition whereby more than half the world's supply of monetary gold lies idle in the vaults of the United States while much of the rest of the world is desperately in need of the metal. Our high tariff makes payment in goods difficult, and a continued influx of gold is the last thing to be desired. The conflict between immediate national interest and world stability was not created by the Treasury's recent action. It existed prior to the depression and was greatly intensified by devaluation. But once we have cut loose from the moorings of an international standard, a much greater responsibility devolves on our monetary authorities. If they are to act in the interest of economic stability, they will frequently have to make decisions which run counter to the immediate interests of powerful pressure groups. Conceivably this is possible even in a society dedicated to quick profits. But we have yet to see it work out that way.

Stubborn Facts in Palestine

JEW S and Arabs struggle for control of the land of Palestine—the dry and bony soil, the barren mountains, the bitter waters of the Dead Sea, the narrow green valley of the Jordan. And their struggle dates not from the World War or the Balfour Declaration but from the earliest incursions of the harried Jews who fought their way into the land some fifteen hundred years before Christ and maintained a precarious and intermittent control until finally under the rule of Rome they lost hold altogether. A sense of the unhappy history of Palestine is useful chiefly as a reminder that the problems besetting the country today are old problems—rooted in age-long rivalries and intolerances and economic suffering. Being old the problems are also tough, and are as little likely to be solved by a British commissioner as by a Roman governor. They are, in fact, not likely to be solved at all. That conclusion should be taken not as the end of hope, but rather as the beginning of wisdom. Admit the fact that a problem is basically insoluble and you may learn to live with it.

To live with the problem of Palestine means first to accept its unchanging elements. One of these is the firm resistance of the Arabs to the idea of a Palestine politically controlled or dominated by Jews. Argue that the Jews have brought to Palestine prosperity and culture and sanitation; argue that Arab leaders whip up the passions of the peasants who, left to themselves, would harbor no anti-Jewish feeling; make a dozen equally convincing points, and the answer remains the same. The threat of Jewish domination will be resisted literally to the death.

Another element similarly to be accepted is the determination of the Jews to stay in Palestine. This, too, is a position easy to assail. Ask any Arab. The Jews are interlopers in a country that they left nineteen centuries ago. They want to run it; they hope to outnumber the indigenous inhabitants, to draw a living for their immigrant millions from a land too poor to feed decently its own population. Under what possible interpretation of the doctrine of self-determination should a people be asked to allow the mass occupation of their land by aliens speaking an alien tongue and demanding superior political rights? Such argument is logical, and futile. The Jews are there. They will stay. More will come. Immigration may be checked or more rigidly regulated, but it will not be ended—either as the result of riots or petitions or commissions of inquiry. Jews may go to Biro-Bidjan or Kenya or Brazil; but no other refuge will wipe out the will to found a home if not a state in Palestine. For racial nostalgia is also an unchanging element.

Another stubborn fact on which both Jew and Arab have gagged is the fact, with all its implications, of British imperialism. After all, it is said, imperialism is the root of the whole trouble—the source of conflict, of economic insecurity. Lift the paw of the Lion and the people will work out their own destiny—or fight it out.

This, too, is a hopeless suggestion. Great Britain needs Jews in Palestine to offset Arab nationalist agitation, to provide an oasis of loyalty and order. But they must be kept dependent on British arms and British financial help, and they must not get an upper hand with the Arabs. Play one off against the other and keep both groups hopeful and insecure. That is not only traditional imperialist strategy; it is the only strategy possible as long as the Empire is to be maintained by force.

So what? If solutions are to be foresworn, what remains? Only the hope of such modest improvements as emerge from the facts, a program that might be described as enlightened muddling. It can easily be sketched, but it will not in practice follow any outline. In the first place it will accept the Arabs' unwillingness to permit the development of a Jewish state, but it will resist their efforts to stop Jewish immigration. It will tie the immigration of Jews to the capacity of the land to support them. It will undertake a careful survey of the potential resources of the country to determine the numbers it can absorb. It will provide for a broad program of reclamation of land and other resources at the expense of the government—on the theory that the Empire should pay at a decent rate to have its chestnuts raked out of the Near Eastern coals. It will encourage Jews to take up new lands and develop them rather than buy farm land already in use, but it will not prevent the sale of land by Arabs when no hardship is caused.

As for administration, it will go on for the present as it is. Much as we should like to support Mr. Viton's scheme for the international control and neutralization of Palestine, a look at the Near East forces us to dismiss the idea. Palestine will be held by Great Britain as long as British control of the Mediterranean and the approaches to the Suez Canal continues to seem of first importance to the Empire. The same may be said of the proposal, frequently made, of a pan-Arab federation, with Palestine as one of its states. That, too, would be rejected by Great Britain unless it were faced with the alternative of a general Arab war; and by the Jews as well, unless they were in a clear majority. But even under British rule much can be done to extend local autonomy, encourage participation of Jews and Arabs in government agencies, and develop education as far as possible as a joint enterprise. Labor restrictions should be done away with as general labor standards improve. But to insist that Arab labor should at this time be allowed to compete with Jewish labor in a free market would wreck the labor movement and play directly into the hands of unscrupulous employers. On the other hand, unions should be freely open to Arab workers. Only organizational unity can end the existing competition.

Zionists must be content with less than most of them want, less than the Jewish masses of Europe need. They must curb their intransigent elements, make heavy concessions to the Arab masses, establish good relations with the more enlightened Arab leaders. Even now in the midst of conflict such men as Judah Magnes and some of the best of the Jewish labor group are supporting such efforts. They should be adopted as official Zionist policy.

The Nation's Honor Roll for 1936

FOR the ninth successive year *The Nation* offers a roster of Americans who, either as individuals or as groups, deserve the applause of their countrymen. In a world in which courage is at a premium, they have been courageous; they have been intelligent when intelligence was sorely needed; in public affairs, journalism, or the arts they have made a contribution, by a particular act or by their general behavior, which is worthy of honorable notice.

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS, HARLAN F. STONE, and BENJAMIN H. CARDOZO, justices of the United States Supreme Court, for maintaining in a crucial year and against heavy odds the best traditions of the court.

Three federal investigating committees and their staffs, headed by Senators ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, BURTON K. WHEELER, and GERALD P. NYE, respectively, for painstaking and illuminating revelations designed to protect the Bill of Rights, to examine the more predatory aspects of railroad finance, and to further the cause of peace by curbing the munitions manufacturers.

J. WARREN MADDEN, chairman of the National Labor Relations Board, and his associate, EDWIN S. SMITH, for their unspectacular but effective work in implementing the spirit and the letter of the Labor Relations Act.

JOSEPH B. EASTMAN, formerly Railroad Coordinator, now a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, DAVID E. LILIENTHAL, of the Tennessee Valley Authority, and ROBERT H. JACKSON, of the Department of Justice, for showing that government administrators can combine courage, character, and expert knowledge.

The STEEL WORKERS' ORGANIZING COMMITTEE; its chairman, PHILIP MURRAY; its regional directors, CLINTON S. GOLDEN, VAN A. BITTNER, and WILLIAM MITCH; and its rank-and-file organizers in the steel towns for their organizing campaign in steel.

HARRY BRIDGES, for his outstanding leadership of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific, and JOSEPH CURRAN, for his pioneer work in building a maritime federation on the East Coast.

JOHN L. LEWIS, of the Committee for Industrial Organization, for continuing to give strength and a backbone to the American labor movement.

CHARLES P. HOWARD, president of the International Typographical Union, a craft organization, for his far-sighted advocacy of the principle of industrial unionism as a means of organizing the unorganized.

ELINORE M. HERRICK, for her intelligent work as Regional Director of the New York Labor Relations Board and for her effective management of the campaign of the American Labor Party.

EDWARD S. CORWIN, professor of constitutional law at Princeton University, for his scholarly analysis of the

history and functioning of the judicial power, and especially for his address, *The Constitution as Instrument and Symbol*, at the Harvard Tercentenary celebration.

GEORGE MCLEAN, the courageous editor of the Tupelo (Mississippi) *Daily Journal*, who has for the past year successfully conducted a liberal newspaper in the dark regions of Mississippi, where poverty and political dictatorship have produced our first corporative state.

PAUL C. SMITH, editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, who went to Salinas, California, to see for himself, in the best editorial tradition, what was actually happening to the lettuce strikers and wrote a series of plain-speaking and vigorous articles entitled *It Did Happen Here*.

JAY ALLEN, of the Chicago *Tribune*, LAWRENCE FERNSWORTH, of the New York *Times*, and LOUIS FISCHER, of *The Nation*, for courageous, informative, and unprejudiced reporting of the civil war in Spain.

PAUL W. WARD, for his reporting of the election campaign, which demonstrates that news writers are likely to be more successful at predicting election results than are the most "scientific" straw votes.

CYRUS LEROY BALDRIDGE, member of the American Legion, for his pamphlet "Americanism—What Is It?"

ART YOUNG, for his great contribution to the art of the political cartoon in America and for his firm, good-humored faith that the world can be improved—which has persisted against heavy odds for half a century.

The AMERICAN COUNCIL OF LEARNED SOCIETIES, DUMAS MALONE and the late ALLEN JOHNSON as editors, and an able staff, for the completion of the "Dictionary of American Biography" a work conceived and executed on a plan which makes it unequaled by anything else of the sort in England or America.

H. L. MENCKEN, for the joyous as well as solid scholarship of his "American Language," appearing this year in a completely revised edition.

JOHN GUNTHER, for "Inside Europe," a brilliant piece of journalism which has contributed much to the American public's understanding of European affairs.

VAN WYCK BROOKS, for "The Flowering of New England," probably the most notable work yet written by a man long regarded as one of America's finest critics.

JOHN DOS PASSOS, for carrying to completion in "The Big Money" a trilogy which affords in terms of the novel an analysis of recent American society.

CARL SANDBURG, for "The People, Yes!"—a new poem celebrating, as have all his important works, the American folk tradition as a historical and cultural force.

ROBERT TURNER, for "Daughters of Atreus," one of the most distinguished plays written in this country.

SPENCER TRACY and FRITZ LANG, for their work in "Fury," a courageous indictment of lynching.

WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Nothing Red but the Tape

Washington, December 28

PERHAPS in the next few weeks, and certainly in the next few months, the national retina is going to catch more than one glimpse of a New Deal aspect that heretofore has been visible only to those of us who, working in Washington, see the Roosevelt Administration at close range. It is, moreover, the New Deal's most depressing aspect. I refer to its bureaucratic trends and, more particularly, to its overwhelming demonstration of the speed with which bureaucrats are made.

To understand what has made this demonstration so depressing one must go back to the New Deal's beginning and recall that the hopes it inspired were in very large measure based upon the character of the personnel it brought to Washington. The army of jobholders that began trooping into the nation's capital in March, 1933, was not the usual horde of boozy precinct runners, police-court bailiffs, ambulance chasers, and assorted party hacks bent solely upon fattening themselves and their kinsmen at the public trough. It was instead—or so it seemed to be—a quite different crowd, a throng of youngish lawyers whose concepts of justice had outlived their contacts with the judicial processes, and of youngish professors whose flair for cold, bold thinking the cloisters had not diminished. And these were merely the leaders of the invading host that promised to raise the civil service to a new high.

The distinguishing characteristic of this throng which comprised the New Deal's one substantial gift to American government was that its members respected facts, knew how to sift and winnow them, and were prepared to follow facts to their logical conclusions. They were objectivists, and hence it seemed that they could never fall heir to the diseases of bureaucracy. But sicken they did. It was only a matter of months before the symptoms began to manifest themselves. Now, less than four years later, most of them are in the final stages of the bureaucratic illness. Their zeal is gone; the only ambition that now consumes them is a desire to maintain their prestige by increasing their duties and powers no matter how needlessly, and by raising the number and salaries of their underlings so that they themselves may, in turn, lay claim to higher salaries, swankier offices, and more resounding titles. Press agents in some departments have become more difficult to reach than the Cabinet members who head the departments. Many bureau chiefs who prior to November 3 operated almost constantly in the public eye have since that day hidden themselves away even from their closest friends outside the Administration.

I realize that what I have said may sound like nothing

more than the grouching of a reporter who is having trouble with his news sources, and that a bill of particulars should be provided. However, you yourself will begin to detect the symptoms of the New Deal's bureaucratic paralysis soon after Congress meets a few days hence. You will notice that in such battles as the coming session produces the participation of the executive branch will be limited almost wholly to quarreling over bureaucratic prerogatives; there will be almost no attempt by that branch to revive the New Deal's early promises and to force legislation of fundamental importance. To be sure, the executive branch is not supposed to have any part in the legislative process under the Constitution, but the truth is that most of the vital legislation passed by Congress is shaped and drafted in the executive branch. It is also true that, under the New Deal at least, the participation of executive departments in the legislative process has not been channeled exclusively through the White House and that in past days of zeal executive departments have contrived to press forward in Congress measures too strong for the President's stomach. As the New Deal enters upon its second term, you will find most of the departments, bureaus, and agencies lacking in anything recognizable as a legislative program, and you will note this down as a manifestation of the lassitude that accompanies the bureaucratic plague.

I use the phrase "bureaucratic plague" to describe not the excessive officiousness usually associated with bureaucracy but that far more dangerous condition in which the jobholders place their personal fortunes and comforts above those of the nation that employs them. That disposition is not confined to the New Deal's bureau chiefs and their underlings. It is alarmingly apparent at the White House, which has never been as zealous about the New Deal's avowed purposes as many of the subordinate officials of the New Deal were in the beginning and a few still are today. It is too much to hope that a Congress even more overwhelmingly Democratic than the last one will show a contrary disposition and carry on where the New Deal's titular leader all too obviously has left off. We may expect instead to see a Congress performing in the true tradition of party wheel horses and party drudges, obediently turning out only those statutes the White House requests or smiles upon and using the brute strength of the majority to crush and stifle minority opposition. We may expect to see the President requesting and smiling upon very little, unless forced into new fields of positive action by developments beyond his control. The chances either for NRA legislation of the O'Mahoney-bill type or for simpler wage and hour regulation are hardly worth reckoning, and there is even less chance of action toward amendment of the

Constitution. The executive branch will concentrate its attention on getting from Congress extensions of its present powers, including the President's monetary manipulation authority and the State Department's power to negotiate reciprocal trade agreements without ratification by the Senate. If Roosevelt has not misled his rich friends, there will be some softening up of the last tax bill.

The Great Peacemaker—who is about to have the most militaristic inaugural Washington has seen since the war years—also seems ready to press for a softening of the neutrality bill to the extent of demanding for himself broader discretionary powers in picking our next war. There will be legislation setting up a form of crop insurance for the benefit of speculative wheat producers—"suitcase farmers"—in the Plains states; meanwhile,

without legislative or Supreme Court sanction, the AAA openly will return to production control, having at last found how to make its "soil-conservation" program perform that feat. Legislation aimed at the farm-tenancy problem but falling far short of the mark is certain to find a place on the session's agenda, but anything properly describable as housing legislation is likely to get little attention. The Social Security Act may come in for some administrative amendments, but its basic flaws almost certainly will be preserved despite fright-born campaign insinuations to the contrary. And the tea leaves indicate that the coming session's record on public-works and unemployment-relief legislation will be worse than that of the last, as a result of Mr. Roosevelt's desire to make a stab at budget-balancing.

Hitler's House of Cards

BY WALTER DURANTY

THE European situation is really simpler than it looks. It can be regarded in two ways. One theory is to sum the whole matter up as the attempt to undo the Treaty of Versailles and redraw the map of Europe. That is a well-known historical process which has been repeated after every war for the last two thousand years. The other theory, which Hitler enunciated somewhat too assiduously at Nürnberg, is that Europe now faces a struggle of rival ideologies, or as he put it, a fight between the benign forces of law and order, known as Nazism or fascism, and the dark elements of barbarism, anarchy, and the destruction typified by Soviet Russia.

Last summer, at the time of the Nürnberg speeches, I was inclined to the first theory and credited Hitler with playing a more subtle game than he was playing. I thought—and wrote—that it was essential to bear in mind that the coming struggle in Europe was fundamentally the attempt of Germany to recover what it had lost by the defeat of 1918. I knew that Hitler had come to power by his appeal to the wounded pride of the strong German nation, that he had said to them, "I will lead you out of the wilderness of despair and defeat and break this wicked treaty which shackled you with chains of gold, which humbled your hearts, and tore away from you the brothers of your blood." That, in short compass, is the substance of "Mein Kampf," which is a not uninteresting book. In point of fact, the golden shackles had already been broken before Hitler came to power. His first act, therefore, was to remove the second cause of German humiliation, which, as it happens, was particularly humiliating to the Germans. I refer to the armament clauses of the Versailles treaty. How Hitler dealt with that problem is a matter of history. He rearmed Germany and one early cold morning last March took the chance of sending troops into the Rhineland. The French might have fought him back and could

legally have called upon the British for help because the forward march of the German legions was an infraction of the Treaty of Versailles and of the Locarno pact. The French did not act for the excellent reason that they were unsure of the support of Britain.

I assumed at the time that Hitler's purpose was clear enough, that he wanted no more and no less than to redress the Treaty of Versailles, which every German felt was an intolerable outrage to Germany. The logical conclusion was that Hitler's next step would be an attack upon the territorial clauses of that treaty—an attempt to bring back to Germany those of its sons who had been torn away from it in Silesia, northern Bohemia, and Poland, and to replace the overseas colonies with nearer colonies like the Ukraine, of which Hitler spoke rashly at Nürnberg. In support of this view one had only to look at the intensive reconstruction of German military power, not merely in terms of troops but in terms of planes and tanks, artillery, gas and munitions, and last but not least the great new motor highways which have been built across the country, aimed like a dagger at the Russian border. That was the obvious deduction and perhaps it was correct. On the other hand, there were the Nürnberg speeches, which I interpreted as an attempt to evade or disguise the issue. I thought that Hitler was trying for the sake of world opinion—which is most important to Germany, as the last war showed—to substitute the myth of a crusade of civilization against the dark forces for the blunt facts of an aggressive war.

Perhaps, at that, I was right. But I am now inclined to think that I was wrong, and that the second of my two theses is the more accurate. The world today, and not only Europe, is in a period of transition no less important than the transition from feudalism to capitalism. I am not trying to talk bolshevism, but I do say that a transition from capitalism to something else—call it collectivism or what you will—is not only inevitable but is

occurring before our eyes. In both Germany and Italy, as well as in Soviet Russia, the restrictions upon the private use of money grow sharper every day, and by private use I mean what Mr. Hoover once termed "rugged individualism" or the right of the capitalist to use his money for his own advantage without regard to social interest. I think Hitler understands this and that when he spoke at Nürnberg he was not just trying to evade an issue but was expressing a much more fundamental truth than he imagined. For the choice is not one between capitalism and collectivism, but between two tendencies within collectivism itself. The issue, as Hitler described it, was between civilization and the dark forces. But the question remains: Which is civilization and which are the dark forces?

Therefore, I now accept Herr Hitler's thesis—backwards. There *is* a struggle of ideologies going on in Europe. It is the struggle of cruelty and reaction against all that noble men from Socrates to Jefferson have fought for throughout history. The Russians understand it too, although—or perhaps because—they have so recently emerged from a state of feudal absolutism. The new Soviet constitution may or may not be functioning completely in the U. S. S. R. today, but it is, nevertheless, a pledge of future freedom. I maintain that the Italian and German systems are unfree and therefore wicked.

But these are theories and one must look at facts, which, as Lenin said, are stubborn things. One dreadful fact of the modern world is that there are three great nations, Germany, Italy, and Japan, which are being driven into war by the pressure of population. The Marxists say that the causes of war are basically economic, and they probably would argue that population pressure is an economic cause. That may or may not be true, but in any case it is *necessary* for a strong and virile people to obtain for itself the standard of living to which it believes itself entitled and for which it is prepared to shed its blood. That, I fear, is the case of these three countries, and that is why I believe that another war cannot be avoided. If, perhaps, the nations richer in possessions and material resources were more intelligent, a compromise might be found. For it is just within the bounds of possibility that in rearming Germany Hitler has understood that unless it is strong enough to be alarming to the others, Germany cannot obtain what it knows to be necessary for its national life. The same may be said of Italy, or even of Japan. There is a very faint chance that the leaders of Europe may recoil from the horror of war, and work out a plan for distributing resources. It would be the intelligent thing to do if the world were ruled by intelligence, of which unfortunately one sees few signs.

As things stand today, however, the World War has already begun—in Spain. No matter what nonsense or propaganda was written some months ago, no one now can doubt that the Spanish civil war was begun by Germany with the aid and connivance of Italy. For a time it looked as if they would win, but there were three reasons against them which operated with all the force Lenin

attributed to stubborn fact. First, there was a revolutionary situation in Spain in the Marxist meaning of the phrase—that is, 90 per cent of the population were utterly dissatisfied and 10 per cent were over-satisfied. That is a thing which people will not endure. The pressure of such a condition made possible the French and Russian revolutions. Its absence in the United States has allowed America to go through the greatest depression in its history with no greater disturbance of the public peace than the somewhat artificial scuffle of the "bonus army" in Washington. The second reason is that the French finally realized that a fascist Spain would expose them to attack on both flanks instead of one. They saw also that it would involve the virtual occupation by Italy of the Balearic Islands; and that, of course, meant the cutting of communications between France and its African possessions. The third reason is that the British, usually slow to make up their minds and always inclined to waver and wobble and wonder and wait and see, became sharply annoyed by the German-Japanese agreement, which trod on their Dutch East Indian toes.

That is a story in itself, involving imperialist rivalries and the enormously important question of oil concessions, but it happens to be true. Germany had overplayed its hand. And so British influence, which hitherto had been, if anything, in favor of the Spanish fascists, suddenly swung the other way. That gave the French the feeling of security which hitherto they had lacked; so they threw in against Franco. I venture to guess that if the Germans should continue to pour troops and planes and tanks into Spain, the French could send three men and three tanks and three planes for every one the Nazis send. And they can do it more easily because they are much closer, and have come to understand that it is pleasanter to fight a war in Spain than to fight it in northern France. Thus the unhappy Spaniards are the guinea pigs of an experiment. If the Germans and Italians dare carry on, they will be foolish, because geography is one of the things which counts in war. If not, Franco will share the fate of Kolchak or perhaps, like Denikin, be more lucky and escape.

As for Russia, which is today the greatest power in Europe, it has at last begun to realize that one of the ways to avoid war is to pursue an active policy. I do not mean that Russia has been as active in Spain as Hitler asserts. But I do say that the Russians also are beginning to feel that war on someone else's territory is preferable to war on one's own. If the Germans are looking for trouble, they may find it rather soon.

My belief is that the Nazi-Fascists will drop their Spanish experiment, but the question which interests me now is whether or not they can successfully pursue what appeared to be, and is generally assumed by well-informed people in Europe to be, the next logical step in Hitler's action, that is, an attempt to reunite with Germany the 3,500,000 Germans in Czecho-Slovakia. Three months ago it looked as if they could have done this successfully, which would have involved German domination of Austria, Hungary, and Rumania. At this point I may be developing my argument too fast to do it justice, but lack of space prevents me from giving it in detail. Three

months ago it seemed that the French would *not* fight for the sake of Czecho-Slovakia, and it must not be forgotten that the Russian pact of mutual assistance with Czecho-Slovakia was contingent upon French assistance too. Today, I think, the situation has changed. For the first time Hitler's hitherto uninterrupted forward march has been sadly checked, not by the defeat of Franco at Madrid but by the tactical error of the agreement with

Japan, which trod on a British toe. That started the French going and that helped the Russians to take some action—if the Russians need help, which I rather doubt—and the result is that German plans in regard to Czecho-Slovakia are by no means so likely to succeed as they were before. This all sounds like the "House That Jack Built." The structure that Hitler is building, however, seems little more solid than a house of cards.

Bill Hutcheson's Convention

BY EDWARD LEVINSON

THE Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, pillar of craft-union opposition to the industrial organization of the mass-production industries, epitomizes in its structure and policies all that is worst in craft unionism. The recent convention of the brotherhood at the Carpenters' Home in Lakeland, Florida, where General President William Hutcheson permits good carpenters to idle away their old age, brought these traits into clear focus.

Craft Imperialism. The brotherhood has absorbed, with or without the consent of the workers concerned, members of the machinists', coopers', bridge and structural iron workers', brewers', longshoremen's, metal lathers', and loggers' unions. "God made the forests," as one man put it, "and gave them to Bill Hutcheson." While the brotherhood inveighs against John L. Lewis as an invader of jurisdictions, it accords itself a jurisdiction as wide as the nation. The general president, says the constitution, "may issue charters to auxiliary unions composed of persons working at an industry where organization would be a benefit to the brotherhood." While denouncing industrial unionism, the brotherhood takes the per capita dues of 74,000 wood workers in the Northwest organized in industrial unions. It virtually sells its union label to any locals which will pay the full per capita tax, and insists that no branch of the diverse industry may have its own label. It exacts what General Secretary Frank P. Duffy called a "service charge" for "non-beneficial" members who wish to enjoy the privilege of a card in the union.

Craft Autocracy. Among its 300,000 members are 130,000 "non-beneficial" members who enjoy neither voice nor vote in the affairs of the brotherhood. As Mr. Duffy told these members at Lakeland, they are in the family only "on probation," and if they do not like it they can get out of the American Federation of Labor. Mr. Hutcheson is a potentate. He may revoke local charters, grant "dispensations," decide points of law, appoint organizers, suspend officers, and expel or fine duly elected convention delegates.

Social Backwardness. Mr. Hutcheson repeatedly heads the labor committee of the Republican National Committee; he opposes social legislation—including the demand for a thirty-hour week; he kept the executive coun-

cil of the A. F. of L. from carrying out the command of the 1935 convention to work for a constitutional amendment. Mr. Duffy at the Lakeland convention, calling the role of great Presidents, found good words only for Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, and William Howard Taft.

The bugaboo of communism was paraded as though it were not a discredited scarecrow. It served to silence all opposition to the reelection of Mr. Hutcheson. It was used as an excuse for the tabling of resolutions aimed at depriving Mr. Hutcheson of some of his many prerogatives. It was decided that any members who signed "Communist" resolutions were to be expelled. And all critical resolutions were declared to be "communism." "All in favor of the motion rise; all opposed give their names to the secretary," Chairman Hutcheson said in taking the vote. When Delegate Stewart suggested that the constitution of the union grants the members the right to their political views, President Hutcheson announced that he had ruled that communism was not a political theory and that therefore Delegate Stewart was out of order. Delegate Dunn then opined that "every dog that comes out of a litter is a dog, no matter what its breed," and that, logically, every man who "went to a meeting and sang the International" was a Communist. This closed the argument. For the rest, the convention raised dues to \$1 a month, denounced the C. I. O. as a "wild dream," and amended the ritual so that those who are tainted with belief in revolution might be expelled from membership forever.

The disturbing moments to the stand-patters were furnished by the "fraternal" non-voting delegates representing 74,000 woodworkers in the Northwest. The men are members of the vigorous locals of loggers, sawmill, shook, and veneer workers, furniture makers, and cooperage workers which dealt a deathblow to the company union, the Loyal Legion of Lumbermen and Loggers, in National Labor Board elections. Until the summer of 1935 they were organized in federal locals of the A. F. of L. Mr. Hutcheson suddenly decided that their per capita dues belonged to him, and they were duly turned over by the executive council. The special dispensation granted them by Mr. Hutcheson did not include the right to share in the financial benefits of the brotherhood. The

locals were willing to accept this provision since their per capita tax of 25 cents was lower than the usual 75 cents, but they were greatly pained to find that they would have neither voice nor vote even in those affairs of the union in which they were concerned. Last September they met in Portland, Oregon, and formed the Federation of Woodworkers. They indorsed the C. I. O., demanded democratic rights within the carpenters' brotherhood, asked to be allowed to use the carpenters' label, and insisted on the right to choose their paid organizers. The only response came from a spokesman for the lumbermen who said that he had heard that Mr. Hutcheson was planning to invite in such craft unions as the teamsters, the machinists, and others in order to dismember the Northwest locals.

The demands of the Northwesterners were presented to the Lakeland convention through Duncan Campbell, a beneficial delegate from Longview, Washington. Mr. Duffy at first railed against "these fellows" who were looking Mr. Hutcheson's gift horse in the mouth. He accused them of ingratitude and of permitting a United Mine Workers' leader to address the Portland convention. He challenged them to carry out their threat to secede from the brotherhood and join the C. I. O., promised them "the sweetest fight you ever had," and indicated what the mechanics of this fight would be. Carpenters' locals would be instructed to give the Northwest locals no assistance; and the brotherhood would "notify firms with which we have contracts for the timberworkers

that if they want to continue employing you outside of the brotherhood we will put them on the unfair list and your manufactured stuff won't be handled anywhere."

Mr. Campbell, refusing to be intimidated, reminded the convention that the rebellious locals expected to pay \$150,000 in per capita dues during the next year. At that point discretion seemed to overcome Messrs. Hutcheson and Duffy. They appointed a committee which bargained with Mr. Campbell and the others for more than three days. No complete agreement was reached. Finally the committee reported without the approval of the second party to the negotiations. The convention sanctioned the report, which promised an investigation of the timber industry, ordered that a label be issued to designate "fair lumber," placed several notably anti-union lumber firms on an unfair list, promised an organization drive among the non-union lumbermen, and permitted six fraternal delegates to address the convention. The demands for democratic rights—for some autonomy for the locals and for the privilege of selecting their own organizers—were rejected.

The atmosphere of conciliation and conviviality induced by Florida sunshine and good-fellowship served to mollify some of the fraternal delegates, but it was noticed that the entire delegation departed for Washington to seek council there with Mr. Lewis. Talk of secession has been revived. It will come up again at a special convention which is scheduled for February but which may now be advanced.

Promise of Zionism

BY PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

WRITING as a liberal I shall attempt to demonstrate to liberals why the success of the Zionist enterprise is indispensable to the welfare of European Jewry and of the Arabs of Palestine. It is with special feeling that I write, for I have recently visited most of the important centers of Jewish life in Europe.

In Rumania I came upon the aftermath of a pogrom. In the village of Balaceano I saw Jews sitting like Job in the midst of their desolation but without hope. The sentiment of the masses as well as every agency of the nation's life was opposed to them. Although inhabitants of Rumania for centuries they remained strangers in a strange land, unwelcome, unprotected, and unhappy.

In Poland, where the largest Jewish population of Europe lives, half the Jews are in dire need and all regard themselves as unwanted. I have visited large families living in one barren room and spoken with numberless children who have never even seen meat or sugar. In the dislocated, post-war economy of Poland, cut off from natural markets and resources in Russia, the Jews, never too popular, are being crushed. What

little they have either evokes bitter envy, oppressive legislation, and pogroms, or is taken from them. Their misery and degradation have touched such tragic depths that even the Polish Foreign Minister has petitioned the British government to facilitate their emigration.

The Jews in Germany are doomed. Deprived of almost every opportunity to earn a livelihood, abused and humiliated at every turn, the constant victims of fear and precarious insecurity, they know neither life nor death, but only black despair. Their whole tragedy was expressed in the little girl's prayer I overheard, "O Lord, why did you make me a Jew?"

Anti-Semitism has as yet discovered no impenetrable frontiers. No nation is free from its threat. What is happening today in Rumania, Poland, and Germany may tomorrow overtake Austria, Hungary, Lithuania, and even countries farther west. The overwhelming majority of European Jewry lives under the shadow of actual or impending persecution.

To these miserable millions the true liberal, the humanitarian, has a moral obligation. He cannot be content with pity or indignation. These are not enough. He

must think through the problems and support the solutions which realistically promise relief.

What, then, can be done? The obvious answer is that the Jew should stay where he is and fight for his rights. Let us analyze this solution as it applies, for example, to German Jewry. In the first place, every realist knows that resistance to the Nazi regime is futile and suicidal. With the Nazis controlling every instrument of propaganda and force, nothing can prevent the annihilation of the Jews. Second, the minds of the German children have been so thoroughly poisoned against the Jews that even the overturn of the Nazi regime, at present entirely unlikely, would effect no change in the Jewish situation. Finally and most important, the factors which produced Nazi anti-Semitism will continue to operate long after Hitler is forgotten, as they did before he was heard of. The peculiar middle-class position of the European Jew that makes him the ready victim of popular ill-will in every period of distress, the bitter envy with which he is regarded by competitors in every field open to him, the profound and unalterable anti-Semitism of European Christianity, those internal and external conditions of his life which forever make him different from his neighbors, the strange and often unpleasant characteristics which these in turn evoke from him—all these are segments of the vicious circle from which there seems to be no escape.

Communism is a possible solution of the Jewish problem, as various writers in *The Nation* have suggested. But communism would destroy religion; most Jews are religious. Communism is totalitarian; most Jews are individualists. Communism necessarily implies violent revolution and dictatorship; Jews are traditionally pacifist and democratic. Apart from these ideological considerations, the espousal of communism by the Jews of Germany, Poland, and Rumania as a program for the redemption of Jewry would be mass suicide, nothing less. It would lead to the most terrible pogroms in all Jewish history.

HOME TO PALESTINE

No one can foretell what will happen in the distant future, but it is clear that in the near future the only hope for the Jews of Central and Eastern Europe is emigration. But where shall they go? The great democracies of the West—France, Great Britain, and the United States—have been compelled by economic conditions and intensified nationalism to shut their doors against such immigration. The mass wisdom of the Jews points to the only solution of the problem. In Berlin and Warsaw and Bucharest I saw the Zionist offices besieged by thousands of Jews seeking immigration certificates, financial assistance, or information. They *knew* their only hope was Palestine. All over Europe I saw the collective training camps where erstwhile students, professional men and women, and business people are acquiring practical knowledge about farming and the manual trades in preparation for working in Palestine. Two hundred and fifty thousand Jewish youths are gathered in the Zionist pioneer movement, living only for the day when they will be granted immigration certificates. To deny them

these certificates would be to cut them off from life. For they are doomed if they remain where they are. There is hardly a Jew in Poland who would not fly to Palestine if he could.

The reasons for this are three. First is the Jew's age-old devotion to Palestine. Neither Britain with Uganda nor Soviet Russia with Biro-Bidjan nor his own philanthropists with the Argentine could seduce him from his first love. Other conditions being equal, 90 per cent of Europe's Jews would prefer Palestine to any other haven.

Second is the fact that Palestine has accepted more Jewish immigrants since the war than any other country. It has welcomed more Jewish refugees since Hitler came to power than all the other countries of the world combined. From 70,000 when the war ended, the Jewish population in Palestine has grown to over 410,000. It now constitutes 32 per cent of the total population, the largest percentage in any country in the world. In 1935 alone 65,000 Jews entered Palestine. Even during the period of the Arab strike in 1936, when life and property were unsafe, no month saw fewer than 3,000 immigrants reach its shores. At the present time every boat brings scores of young pioneers, eager for their own and their people's renaissance. This has been possible because Palestine has been neglected and underpopulated. Its present population of 1,300,000 is but a quarter of that which the land contained in Bible times. The experts say that even the land between the Jordan and the Mediterranean can support over three millions if modern industry and intensive agriculture continue to be developed as Jews are developing them. In the light of the great numbers the country has already absorbed without depression or unemployment, in the light of the experience of such small progressive countries as Holland, Belgium, and Denmark, in the light of the great undeveloped markets of the Near East, Palestine should in the course of time be able to accept most of the unhappy Jews of Central and Eastern Europe, at least the unwanted excess population.

Third is the wonderful fruit of the Jew's remarriage with the soil he loves. He has irrigated deserts and drained malaria-infested swamps. He has covered barren hills and desolate valleys with fields of grain and orchards. Where once was wilderness, he has reared clean modern cities. In two decades he has created a Hebraic culture which already promises to rival that of Bible times. The vibrant Hebrew language lives again. A progressive school system crowned by the great university on Mt. Scopus brings the best in modern education to a generation of healthy and happy young Jews. Symphony orchestras, folk theaters, native art, newspapers, and magazines have sprung up. Can one wonder that the miserable Jews of Europe yearn to enter this new life?

There is another element in modern Zionism which makes it greatly appeal to Jewish youth, as it should to all progressive forces. Themselves the victims of terrible wrongs, the young Jews who went to Palestine determined to prevent injustice there. They organized the Histadrut, the General Federation of Jewish Labor, which is today the dominant element in Palestine and in world Zionism.

Its program rests fundamentally on the principle that Jews should do their own work and not exploit others or one another. It builds its colonies—there are now 159 of them—on the land of the Jewish National Fund, which permits no private ownership and thereby eliminates exploitation and speculation. It insists that Jews do their own hard work and do not become exploiters of cheap Arab labor. This policy has led to some ill-will but ultimately it will prove to be sound. For since Jews require higher wages than the native workers they are not employed by Arabs and Christians. If Jews would not employ Jews, there would be no work for the young Jews who wish to enter Palestine, and therefore no immigration. By maintaining high standards for themselves, Jewish workers are gradually raising the standards for all workers. Whereas if Jewish employers were permitted to employ the cheapest native labor, they would not only degrade all labor to its level but would reproduce in Palestine the vicious system which forced them out of Europe.

The Histadrut is transforming the economic life of the country. It has raised wages from 100 to 1,000 per cent above the pre-war level. It has reduced the hours of work to a reasonable number. It has introduced sickness and unemployment insurance.

Jewish labor has established collective farms of two types. The *Kvutza* is a commune where each worker labors according to his ability and receives in accordance with his needs. The *Moshav* allows each man or family a piece of land in an area owned by the Jewish National Fund. Because it belongs to the Jewish people they cannot sell it, nor may they employ—"exploit"—labor to work it for them. Machinery and equipment are owned by the community, and all purchases and sales are made cooperatively. These collective farms have multiplied and prospered, and they are now the backbone of Jewish agriculture in Palestine. The largest recent British loans were made on the basis of their success. This is all the more significant because these collectives, unlike those in Russia, are entered voluntarily. For the most part those who come, remain because they find spiritual satisfaction as well as economic security in these socialized farms.

The cooperative principle has been extended by the Histadrut to all of Palestine. Producers' and consumers' cooperatives now abound in the land. They not only handle agricultural products and other merchandise but also provide services, trained labor, building, contracting, irrigation, insurance, and credit on a cooperative basis. The Histadrut also supplies educational, cultural, and health services to its members.

THE LOT OF THE ARAB

What the Histadrut is doing in Palestine constitutes a social revolution. It is transforming an ancient, backward, feudal economy into one that is modern, efficient, and thoroughly socialized. This has been achieved within the Jewish community without bloody violence. As the Western democracies seek to infuse their institutions with the cooperative spirit and forms, they may well look to the Histadrut's bloodless revolution for an example.

Equally important is what the labor movement has done for the souls of the Jews. Former students, doctors, lawyers, merchants, and *Luftmenschen* have returned to the soil and from it have learned to appreciate the dignity of labor. And it has made them normal and healthy and freed them from their Ghetto complexes. They have proved to themselves and the world that the Jew can be a successful farmer and at the same time can achieve a rich cultural life. They have so effectively learned the art of disciplined self-defense that during the recent disturbances not one of their colonies was openly attacked. The Arabs limited themselves to sniping and burning trees at night. These Jewish workers also displayed the quiet courage of true pacifism, for although well able to return the attack, they refrained in order to prevent minor disorders from becoming bloody warfare.

All these benefits have been achieved without any hurt to the Arabs. Not an inch of land has been *taken* from them. The Jews own today less than 10 per cent of the land of Palestine, and every inch of that was purchased, usually at prices which made the sellers rich. Over 80 per cent of the land that Jews have acquired was purchased from Effendis, rich, often absentee, landlords who are glad to get Jewish money but resent interference with their ancestral feudal privileges. Most of this territory, being swampy and wasteland, was uninhabited and considered uninhabitable until the Jews acquired it. In fact, the Hebrew phrase to describe such acquisition is *Geulat Haaretz*—not purchase but *redemption of the land*. Wherever Arab tenants were displaced, the law required resettling them at the expense of the purchaser. Mr. Viton writes that after the 1929 disturbances evidence was presented to show that two thousand Arab peasants had been dispossessed.* He is apparently unaware that the government offered these peasants the opportunity to return to the soil and that all but a handful preferred to remain in the neighborhood of Jewish colonies, where wages and working conditions were good, rather than return to their own unprofitable agricultural labors. Evidence offered at the present inquiry indicates that fewer than two hundred were so displaced. Not once was compulsion employed either by Jews or the British authorities to seize land from Arabs for the use of Jewish immigrants. Where in all the history of national land acquisition is there a record so just and so considerate as this?

Nor have the Jews taken work from Arabs. This is clearly proved by the fact that there is today no appreciable Arab unemployment despite an increase since the war of 300,000 in the Arab population, including an immigration of over 100,000 non-Palestinian Arabs who were attracted by the country's prosperity.

Not only have the Jews not hurt the Arabs, but they have improved their condition in every way. A glance across the Jordan River will indicate how the Arabs of Palestine lived before the modern Jews came. For Transjordan was artificially separated from the rest of the country at the close of the war and therefore did not receive the benefits of Jewish immigration. Its peasants

* Albert Viton discussed the future of Zionism in two articles published in the December 19 and December 26 issues of *The Nation*.

live together with their wives, children, and animals in one-room mud huts. Their wage when work is available is but a few cents a day. They live in indescribable filth and suffer from dreadful diseases which primitive hygiene could prevent. They breed rapidly and die early. Of course they are illiterate.

This was the condition of most of the Arabs on both sides of the Jordan at the end of the war. Today this picture is hardly recognizable in Palestine, and no Arab would return to it if he could. Jews brought prosperity to the natives by providing new markets for their products. Even today, with Jewish agriculture and industry so highly developed, the Arabs sell far more to the Jews than they buy from them. The average wage rate in various occupations has risen 300 to 1,000 per cent. It is from 100 to 500 per cent higher than in other Arab countries, including Egypt and Iraq. Skilled Arab laborers now earn the same wage as Jews—over a dollar a day—and enjoy a standard of living comparable to that of well-paid workers in Europe. Since 90 per cent of the employees in government services and public undertakings are Arabs, the tremendous increase in these activities caused by the Jewish immigration has brought unprecedented prosperity to large sections of the population.

Public education has greatly improved the condition of the Arab. In 1919 there were only 30 rural schools. Today, with 26 new schools about to open, the total is 309. These are supported by the government largely from taxes paid by Jews (the Jewish educational system is supported almost entirely by Jewish funds). Jewish taxes have enabled the government to establish secondary schools, training colleges, and agricultural institutes for Arabs. The result has been a significant reduction in illiteracy and ignorance among the Arab masses and a consequent improvement in the level of living. Today the percentage of literacy among Palestine Moslems is higher than that found among Arab Moslems in any other country.

The Jews have brought important benefits in sanitation and health. They have introduced preventive medicine and are stamping out Palestine's worst scourges, trachoma and malaria. Many of the Jewish hospital and clinic services are available to Arabs. Prodded by the Jews and largely supported by them through taxes, the government is now spending annually \$1,250,000 on health services, 90 per cent of which go to Arabs. The net result has been not only a general improvement in health but a higher birth-rate, a lower death-rate, and a decidedly lower infant-mortality rate among the Arabs in Palestine in contrast to health conditions among Arabs in other countries, which have either remained the same or become worse during the past twenty years.

More important even than the actual benefits already attained are the possibilities of well-being that the Jews are opening up for the Arab masses. It must be remembered that the Arab rulers—the Effendi, the money lenders, the officials, the religious leaders—did not lift a finger to improve their social condition. They deliberately kept the peasants docile, poor, and ignorant. It was precisely because the Jews threatened to upset their apple

cart that they so bitterly resented their intrusion. Like Krupp and Thyssen they, too, are exploiting nationalism in order to prevent the overturn of a social and economic system of which they are the chief beneficiaries. But in Palestine they are probably too late. For the Histadrut has already supplied the stimulation and the example of a highly intelligent, well-organized, thoroughly disciplined labor movement which cannot be permanently suppressed. The hope of the Arab masses for social betterment lies not with their present rulers, who up to this moment have not advanced a social program, but in joining forces with the Jewish masses for their common advancement.

However, even the best organization is ineffectual if a country is hopelessly poor and oppressed. The organization of Arab peasants still scratching a barren soil with ancient wooden implements would produce meager results. Here, too, the Jews are helpful, for by the introduction of modern agriculture and industry they are showing the Arabs how to develop the full economic possibilities of the country. As the Arab peasant sees the Jew with the aid of irrigation and modern implements producing more on one acre than he can coax from five, he will soon learn, for he is naturally intelligent, what must be done in order that he too may have water and tractors. As he sees the Jew's hens laying twice as many eggs and the Jew's cows giving five times as much milk as his, he will learn about the breeding and care necessary in order that he too may be well fed and prosperous. In industry the Jew will show him how to create wealth, and the Histadrut will teach him to demand his rightful share.

I do not mean to imply that the Jews are speedily bringing prosperity to all the Arabs of Palestine. The Near East is poor and backward, and generations will be required before its economic and social life will approximate that of the West. My point is that the Jews alone are improving it and that the welfare of the Arab masses is bound up with the success of Zionism, especially labor Zionism, and not with their exploiters, who in the name of nationalism wish to continue their exploitation.

As to the difficulties, they are serious, as has been pointed out. But there are moral factors in the situation of which the critics hardly seem aware and which ultimately defy their logic. I remember that in the summer of 1928 Louis Fischer solemnly assured me in his home in Moscow that the Zionist experiment could not possibly succeed because the government, the natives, and even the soil were hostile. Whereas, he maintained, the Biro-Bidjan project, then beginning, would certainly prosper because the Soviet government, the people, and the soil were all felicitous. Logically Fischer was right, and yet in the eight years that have passed Biro-Bidjan has been a colossal failure, attracting but a handful of Jews and losing more through emigration recently than it has acquired through immigration. During the same period Palestine welcomed nearly 200,000 Jews and enjoyed unprecedented prosperity while the rest of the world was suffering from a catastrophic depression.

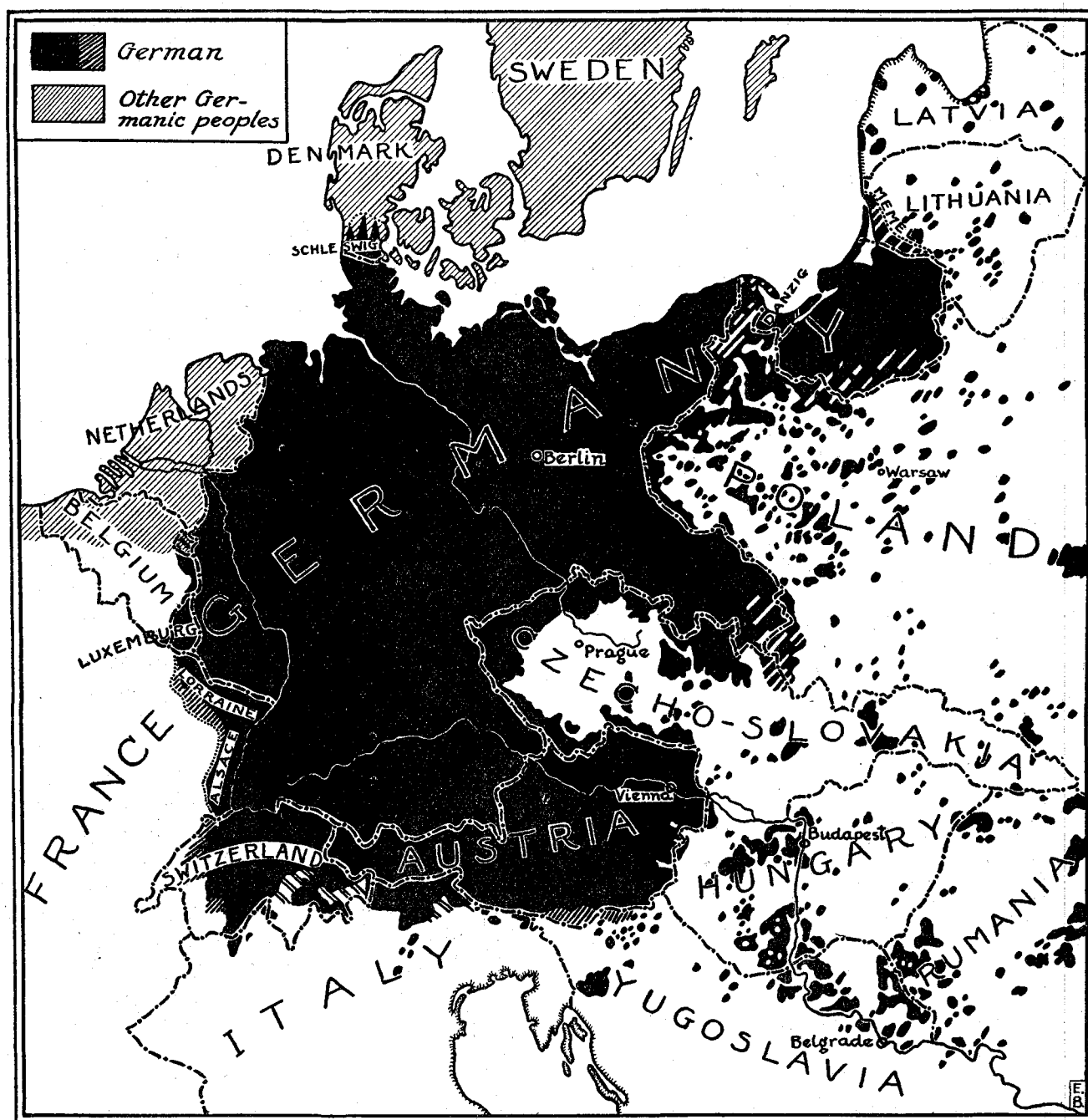
The Jew waited 1,900 years for the present opportunity in Palestine. He will not be lightly turned aside.

Fascism Charts Its Course

THE Nazi war chariot may not yet be ready to start on its death-dealing European tour, but Herr Dr. Goebbels, Hitler's minister of Propaganda and Enlightenment, is laying out roads for the new German juggernaut. In preparation for the war of aggression which the whole world fears, fascist Germany has set its propaganda machine in motion inside and outside the Third Reich. At home Minister Goebbels uses every means at the disposal of authoritarian government to whip up a frenzy of nationalism that will insure blind obedience and a willingness to undergo privation and death for the fatherland. Outside Germany he is spending huge

sums on a thorough and ruthless campaign to stir up all the forces of chauvinism and self-interest which may prove useful to German designs. His propaganda pours into Scandinavia, Poland, the Danubian countries, Belgium, Britain, even into Palestine and the Far East. Results are not always what the Nazis would wish: they cause the Swiss to increase their defenses on the German frontier, and they impel Englishmen to assume a still greater tax burden to build planes and tanks to stop a Nazi thrust into Belgium.

There are German groups scattered over Europe from Metz to the Volga, from the Gulf of Finland to Serbia.



Hollywood Index

BY M. B. ZERWICK

ON SUNDAY, December 13, some twenty million American Catholics renewed in unison their annual pledge to support the National Legion of Decency in its great crusade to keep the movies clean. The formality of the vow, however, was almost superfluous, for the efforts of the faithful during the past year had been so effective that the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Pacelli, who came to America to solidify the anti-Communist movement, was able to announce on his return to Rome that motion-picture producers in the United States had achieved a standard higher than was ever known in the history of the industry.

Before the spring of 1934 the industry was not so exemplary. The motion pictures with subtle blandishments were still luring the young and mentally weak into paths of un-Christian error. This fact was given wide currency through a survey published early in 1933 by a committee of impartial educators. The survey stated that most films were bad object-lessons for the young, romanticizing such activities as safe-cracking, robbery, murder, seduction, divorce, and marital infidelity. As a sop to rising protests Will Hays, president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, had prepared as early as 1930 a production code which had been duly adopted.

This production code was a complete index of forbidden subjects, and if it had been carefully enforced, nothing but the less anthropomorphic animated cartoons would now be distributed. It was printed in large, easily readable booklets, and Hays and Hollywood were roundly praised for their joint efforts to elevate the standards of the industry. Everybody waited for the self-imposed morality to take effect. What really happened was that the producers put the code to sleep and continued to make pictures glorifying murder, cracksmen, highwaymen, and divorces. Whereupon the protests mounted again. Ministers, educators, and incipient John Sumners once more raised the cry of indecency. It was the Catholic church, however, which expressed the gravest concern.

In November, 1933, eighty bishops met in Washington in annual conference. Organized action was decided upon. An Episcopal Committee on Motion Pictures, under the chairmanship of Archbishop John T. McNicholas, was appointed to study the problem and to root out the evil. In April of the following year the Legion of Decency was launched.

Such was the beginning of the most important censorship group in the history of our country. Its implications were not lost upon Will Hays. With the threat of an organized boycott suspended over the industry, he issued a call to arms and insisted that the producers abide by the production code signed some three years before. No major company dissented. The Pope had definitely come to Hollywood and in the space of six months had sent the jitters running through the industry. Hollywood

readily submitted to self-regulating codes in all phases of the business. Czar Hays instituted a Code Authority and appointed as Czarevitch, Joe Breen, a Catholic strongly recommended by church authorities. Breen's single duty has been to keep pictures clean.

The method is simple enough. Breen examines all scripts before the actual shooting begins and supervises each step in production so that the end-product conforms with the code's requirements. When a picture is released with Breen's seal of approval it is unlikely that the Legion of Decency will disapprove. Breen gave early promise of success, and by November 17, 1933, Hays had created a similar authority to supervise all motion-picture advertising.

This watchful guardianship over America's second largest industry is no namby-pamby nonsense. The number of pictures condemned by the Legion has dwindled so rapidly that recently the objectionable films never number more than four or five and these are mostly foreign-made. More important, the Catholic church has found in the Legion a model for development of a worldwide control of motion-picture production. In the United States that control is now almost perfect, based as it is on the potential sales resistance of the country's largest minority group, and strengthened by a system of interlocking directorates: Breen, a Catholic, is head of the Production Code Authority; Mrs. James F. Looman, chairman of the Legion's reviewing board, is also a member of the National Board of Review; Martin Quigley, publisher of a group of motion-picture papers, is a member of the New York Archdiocesan Council of the Legion.

Although the Legion disclaims any interest in values other than moral ones, it has persistently played possum with productions of the Soviet Union. The effect is a blanket condemnation of all Russian pictures. Such sterling productions as "Son of Mongolia," "Gypsies," "Abyssinia," and "Song of Happiness" have been ignored. A spokesman for the Legion said that "Son of Mongolia" could not have been judged because no one on the examining board understood the obscure Mongolian dialect spoken by the characters.

The Legion does not disregard with similar thoroughness the output of the studios of Nazi Germany. Of the 256 pictures listed in the moral estimates of December 10, some 27 were made in Germany; one of these, "Wald-Winter," was deemed partially objectionable because "the plot is solved by divorce."

These are slight indications of some of the basic implications in the work of the Legion. More significant is the potential use which the church has for its new control over motion pictures at a time when its power is endangered. The Pope himself took official cognizance of the movies' value as a stabilizer of the status quo in the Encyclical "Vigilanti Cura" of July 2, 1936.

So important does the Pope consider censorship of film themes that he urges the bishops to set up special reviewing boards in their own dioceses to strengthen the criteria of the National Legion. "They may even," he says, "censor films which are admitted to the general list [approved list]."

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE Supreme Court's upholding of the joint resolution of 1934, which authorized the President to proclaim embargos of arms and munitions, tremendously heartens all who believe that the existing neutrality legislation which will expire shortly should be reenacted and that everything possible should be done to reinforce it. If there is one thing that the American people want above all else it is to be kept out of the next war, and they are willing to make any sacrifice to that end. That the President and Secretary Hull realize this is plain from Mr. Roosevelt's peace speeches at Chautauqua and in South America and from Mr. Hull's earnest and moving address at Buenos Aires. Everyone who like myself constantly travels up and down this country knows that, as the late Admiral William S. Sims testified last winter, there are few audiences which do not voluntarily bring up the question of war and peace.

Despite this there is a distinct rift in the government and another in the peace forces on the question of neutrality. The State Department sticks to its position that legislation should not be mandatory for the President but should give him the power to interpret any war situation and apply an embargo according to his judgment. The President himself desired this when the fight for neutrality legislation began, but he subsequently modified his position and accepted provisions to which he was at first reported to be opposed. In the peace movement Raymond Leslie Buell, of the Foreign Policy Association, is against rigid mandatory legislation because, so he says in a recent bulletin, the neutrality proposal made by Secretary Hull in his draft convention at Buenos Aires "would penalize the victim of aggression to the same extent as the state violating its obligations." He fears that if the proposal is carried at Buenos Aires, the Latin American states will "drift away" from the League of Nations.

But the proposal that Washington shall have the right to decide as between the aggressor and the aggrieved seems to me to insure our taking part in future wars. It means setting ourselves up as judges in a war with which we may have no concern. It means that we shall aid those whom, at the hysterical moment of the explosion, we believe to be aggrieved. Who can be sure under such circumstances? It took years for the historians to bring out the relative responsibility and guilt of the nations which took the world to war in 1914 and to establish that Germany was by no means the sole criminal. President Roosevelt has on several occasions said that the aggressor nation is the one whose troops first cross another's boundaries. Do we really know today whether or not French troops crossed into Alsace-Lorraine

before the Germans entered Belgium? We certainly did not in the fall of 1914. Not only is the role of deciding which is the aggressor in a conflict extraordinarily difficult; it would obviously be extremely dangerous if the aggressor should hold us accountable for aid to the nation we considered aggrieved.

The American people, I believe, want no risks of this kind taken. They want cast-iron, automatic, mandatory laws—I do not undertake to say now how extreme—that will say, "A plague o' both your houses, we are going our own way." They will not be moved by the argument that the wrong may triumph. They are thoroughly convinced that right and justice were not born of our participation in the World War, and that they were deceived into entering it by lying propaganda, the entanglement of our big business men with the English war machine, and the false Wilson slogans. They have no desire to usurp again the seat of the Almighty and pass judgments to be backed up by war. They will not be moved this winter by frantic arguments that this policy will wreck the League of Nations, for they wish to have nothing to do with the League. They will not be swayed by assertions that this would be an ignoble and selfish course and perhaps lead to the downfall of civilization. They will reply: "We had enough of all that bunk from Woodrow Wilson with his war to safeguard democracy and end war. We propose to be purely for ourselves this time."

That mandatory neutrality legislation will take us on uncharted seas is perfectly true. We shall be reversing our historic neutrality policy, and we shall have no precedents. But there are many untried departures in international relations, and anybody's guess as to how any policy will work out is little better than anybody else's. The American people are ready for the risks involved in mandatory legislation, and it is theirs to decide. They are, many of them, aware that the power to make war has slipped away from Congress, where it was placed by the Constitution, and now rests squarely in the hands of the President, as President Roosevelt admitted when he declared at Chautauqua that no neutrality legislation would keep us out of war if a President and Secretary of State wished to put us in. Can the people be blamed if they are opposed to granting the President more power to get us into war? He has usurped that power from Congress as it is.

I most earnestly appeal to every reader of these words and every lover of peace to make his wishes felt in Washington by the time-honored method of addressing his Senators and Congressman and President. There is no more pressing or patriotic duty than this.

BROUN'S PAGE

Kennel Revolution

YOU may ask me what racing dogs have to do with the progress of the labor movement in America. Of course, I could answer that I never asserted there was any connection, but I am minded to draw a few moral lessons from the hounds of Miami. As *Nation* readers probably know, the greyhounds are induced to run by a mechanical white rabbit, electrically controlled, which spins around a quarter-mile track.

Trainers tell me that even the stupidest of their charges come to know in time that there isn't any Santa Claus and that the rabbit is a fabricated myth. But even so, the dogs are conditioned to the job of running, and when the false foe spins by, they pretend an eagerness to crunch him between their jaws. All this is play-acting. The rabbit doesn't smell right, and neither does the industry in which they find themselves engaged. But being hounds instead of humans they accept their lot and pretend an eagerness for the chase in order to please their exploiters.

Still, primitive instincts are stronger than acquired ones, and the dog trainers have found that out. Indeed, many of them use a clever trick, which persists in spite of the frowns of the officials of the Kennel Commission. It is the custom to take a dog which is beginning to lose interest, a skeptic if you please, and allow him to run in the morning in vain pursuit of an authentic rabbit. When he comes to the track that night, part of his doubts have been dispelled. He says to himself, "I'm pretty sure they were playing me for a sucker last night and the night before. In fact, I've got a sneaking notion that I've been deceived ever since I got into this racket."

"But," ruminates the greyhound, "that rabbit this morning was the real McCoy. My nose knows. Perhaps these fakers are going to play ball with us working dogs after all. Maybe my interests do lie along with those of my employer. There's no point in being a malcontent. The man played fair with me this morning and why shouldn't I trust him now? This could be a new deal. From now on it's going to be nothing but real rabbits."

And the over-naïve animal gives of his best for three or four nights until he learns he has been fooled again. Sooner or later it becomes necessary to give him the real thing once again in a morning work-out. And the difference between greyhounds and human beings lies in the fact that the dogs can be fooled over and over again. It is easy to make them accept each cut of the cards as a brand-new deal.

But this article is written to celebrate the discovery of an exceptional dog in the racing world. Since owners are sensitive, I will invent a name for him and call him Australian Bill. I wouldn't like to see him blacklisted.

Upon the signboard where the odds against each dog

are listed I saw the price of forty to one set opposite the name of Australian Bill. Since only eight dogs are entered in each race this seemed to me a most generous offer. For a two-dollar straight ticket in the mutuels I could get eighty-two dollars if Bill came home in front. But I looked up his record in the chart of past performances, and this dossier showed that he had won no races and generally finished eighth. Indeed, upon his two most recent appearances he had done a little worse than come in last. The chart rebuked him with a star and the curt explanation, "Australian Bill quit."

I turned to a trainer who sat in a seat beside me and said, "This is funny. What's the matter with this dog? Isn't he any good?"

"As a matter of fact," the trainer said, "Australian Bill is one of the fastest dogs in the country. He used to win a lot of races. Then he slumped a little, and one night when they opened the door of the box as the mechanical rabbit went by, Bill just wouldn't come out. They had to push him and of course by that time the race was over. The next time he did leave with the rest of the dogs, but after running about ten yards he sat down and waited for the rest to round the circuit. His owner is still trying to get something out of him, but you never can tell whether he'll sulk in the box or sit out the race."

"There's nothing wrong with him physically. But sometimes a racing dog loses his interest or his spirit. Don't tell anybody, but in cases like that we often take them out in the morning and let them go after a real rabbit. That seems to pep them up."

"I've heard of the practice," I told him.

"Well, his owner took Australian Bill out and let him loose after an honest-to-god rabbit. There was certainly nothing wrong with his speed. We had a terrible time saving the trial bunny from sudden death."

"That night, of course, everybody expected that Australian Bill would be so full of get up and go that he'd win by as far as you could throw a rock. He was in with a lot of no-account dogs which didn't compare with him on the line of his natural form, but on account of his tendency to quit you could get as good as forty to one against him in the morning line. A lot of us who knew about the morning experiment poured money into the machines and Australian Bill closed an even-money favorite. What do you suppose he did?"

"He won by as far as you could throw a rock," I guessed.

The trainer looked at me in scorn. "He broke all right," he said. "In fact he was away with a four-length lead. But as soon as he got a look at the mechanical rabbit he stopped running, turned around, and walked back into the box. What can you do with a dog like that?"

"Change his name," I said; "he ought to be called Agitator."

HEYWOOD BROWN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE HALF-TRUTH OF THE WHOLE TRUTH

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LIKE most reviewers I am frequently guilty of saying that a book or a play is worthless because it lacks some specific virtue. I hope, at least, that I am usually right both as to the absence of the virtue in question and as to the general worthlessness of the work, but it should not require much reflection to conclude that I am almost certainly wrong in assuming that the existence of the specific defect is in itself a sufficient proof of the nullity of the whole. We say glibly that some novel is "destroyed" because the author has no sense of structure, because he understands only one kind of person, because he cannot write English, or because he has no social consciousness. And yet the fact remains that there is scarcely an artistic or intellectual virtue so important that it may not be lacking from some work of real importance.

Fielding lacked at least one-half of all the "finer feelings"; the structure of Goldsmith's one novel would shame a kindergarten; Jane Austen regarded the failure to possess an inherited income as placing a man outside the pale of humanity; Dickens had the sentimentality of a nursemaid; Theodore Dreiser cannot write the English language. Yet the works of each are far from valueless. A writer, in other words, stands or falls by his virtues, not by his defects. There is no one specific thing which he is required to do, no specific quality that he may not be without. When we dismiss a book because it fails in some one direction, we are really giving only an excuse, not a reason, for the general judgment. That judgment may be correct if the book has no virtues; it may be wrong if we are simply unable or unwilling to see them.

Just as there is no one technical virtue which is absolutely indispensable, so too there is no attitude or emphasis or scope which can be made to serve as a universal criterion, and that is the reason why, of all the clichés of criticism, the phrase about "seeing life steadily and seeing it whole" is one of the most pernicious. The "steadily" may, I suppose, be either accepted or dismissed with indifference on the ground that it probably doesn't mean anything anyway. But who ever saw "life whole," or who is capable of judging whether another has seen it whole or not? A certain number of us agree with jesting Pilate about the difficulty of knowing truth, but even to assert that one knows the truth is to make a very modest claim beside the assertion that one knows *all* the truth. Yet that is what a great writer is supposed by Arnold both to know and to communicate. A true picture of any aspect of any part of life is something near to a miracle, but a picture of the whole is too much to expect even of a magician.

How little Arnold himself meant, or at least how little he was able to make of what he thought he believed, is plain enough from his own touchstones for the judging of poetry. Sometimes he makes it appear that "seeing life whole" meant to him simply seeing its elegiac aspects, and that "seeing life steadily" meant simply seeing it through a romantic mist. By implication he was paying a very high compliment to the particular poets he was discussing. He was, that is to say, revealing the fact that they said what they did say so vividly and so persuasively that he was for the time being under the illusion that nothing else could exist, that this was "life whole." But if he was thus unconsciously revealing what the great poet does do, he was also, and at the same time, making nonsense out of his own pronouncement.

In recent years "seeing life steadily and seeing it whole" has seldom been quoted—largely because the phrase has come to be surrounded by a certain stuffy, Victorian atmosphere. In its place the more esoteric critic got to substituting the more scientific-sounding term "synthesis." Writers were praised or blamed for having achieved or failed to achieve a synthesis, that is, for having seen or failed to see "life whole"—though of course few ever stopped to realize that what they really meant by a "synthesis" was a treatment of those aspects of life which happened to seem to them most important or interesting or fashionable. Most recently of all the accepted phrase, now ostensibly more simple and more complete, has become "giving a picture of society"—as though, in the first place, even the longest novel were not, on the scale of the whole, almost as inadequate as the shortest lyric as a "picture of society," and as though there were any reason why every work of art should treat of everything.

"Mr. A is an unimportant novelist because he seems unaware of the extent to which the motives of his characters are conditioned by the class status of his family"; "Miss B's novel fails of excellence because her Chicago has no meat-packers in it." Undoubtedly the meat-packers aren't there; probably enough Miss B's novel does fail of excellence. But one is rash to draw the conclusion that a meat-packerless novel set in Chicago would have to be bad. Only a very unobservant critic would fail to note that Jane Austen does not "see life whole." As a matter of fact, what she does see is so small a part of it that most intelligent and sensitive people have passed it over entirely. But that is the reason why she is one of the indispensable novelists.

In all seriousness I believe that one of the reasons why excellent contemporary artists are not commoner is that,

by expecting too much of them, we have made them expect too much of themselves. The real business of the artists is not to say everything or even to say any one particular thing. His real business is to say *something*, and when he has done so it becomes our business to recognize what that something is. If his partial picture of life is vivid but never any more than that, then he is a minor artist. If he succeeds for the time being in making the part he pictures seem the only or most significant part, then he is a great one. Indeed, unless we are very careful indeed, he will be credited with having given a picture of society, achieved a synthesis, or "seen life steadily and seen it whole."

Pattern for Death

BY JAMES STILL

The spider puzzles his legs and rests his web
On aftergrass. No winds stir here to break
The quiet design, nothing protests the weaving
Of taut threads in a ladder of silk:
He is clever, he is fastidious, and intricate;
He is skilled with his cords of hate.

Who can escape through the grass? The crane fly
Quivers its body in paralytic sleep;
The giant moths shed their golden dust
From fettered wings, and the spider speeds his lust.

Who reads the language of direction? Where may we
pass
Through the immense pattern sheer as glass?

BOOKS

Text and Pictures

PORTRAITS AND SELF-PORTRAITS. Collected and Illustrated by Georges Schreiber. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.75.

MR. SCHREIBER has hit upon a capital idea, almost a talisman, which out of hand transforms serious writers into wits. Like all great discoveries it is simple, and consists in having them write two-page autobiographies! Among forty authors only six exceeded their allotted space, and most of the others wrote less, in one case only six and one-half lines—a volume of literary pemmican, so to speak. The result is a sort of modern miracle: before our very eyes, as it were, the staidest and solemnest of them become the most humorous.

The book is fascinating. Above all one wonders how most of our literati found time to write. First this one and then that one has been a sailor, lawyer, factory manager, school teacher, day laborer, dish-washer, sparring partner, government employee, banker, farm hand, waiter, professor, gar-

dener, editor, impersonator, member of parliament, broker, railroad man, and so on until one's head reels and one wonders if literature is like hives and breaks out while you are doing something else.

As for the unexpected humor, conscious and unconscious: Henri Barbusse refers to the time when he was an "intellectual" and "ignorant as are most authors and intellectuals." Leon Feuchtwanger gravely informs us that he has "twenty-seven teeth" and is "five feet three inches tall." Thomas Mann remembers the city fathers of his home town, who were "somewhat humorously" addressed as "Your Wisdoms." John Masfield alludes to his "strange experiences, which imaginative writers have made to appear more strange." Hugh Walpole, when young: "I enjoyed greatly being told by my elders how I ought to write." And Thomas Wolfe plumps out with "I do too much of everything." This entire review could be filled with quotations from the autobiographies as good as these set down.

Were this a written book with illustrations instead of a picture book with writings, one wouldn't focus criticism on the drawings. But the book is delightfully turned around—almost as if the pictures were the text and the text the pictures. The reviewer has met about half of the men represented and the drawings are perfectly good picture-writing. But the faces are, may one say, too much like simple surfaces with bosses—in a word too topographical? One misses the underlying structure. The result is characterization of features but not rounded characterization of the whole. The artist, however, thoroughly understands accents—as Spanish women understand them in facial make-up—and shows great cleverness and wit in matters of silhouette and line shading.

By and large the forty autobiographers evince a pronounced distaste for autobiography. Few of them would have suggested the book, and probably a majority would agree with Franz Werfel, who begins his one-fifth of a page with "I have an insuperable aversion to writing my autobiography even if it be only two hundred words long." Some of these short contributions are beautifully done, a few of them are very beautiful, and one or two surpassingly so. Besides being great fun, the pages contain plentiful hefty and profound stuff—a book worth looking at, reading, and keeping.

CYRIL KAY-SCOTT

Philosopher's Content

ON THE CONTENTED LIFE. By Edgar A. Singer, Jr. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

MAKE no mistake; this is not an easy book to read, for all the apparent innocence of its title, nor is it a homespun homily on bucolic pleasures. Its title does something less than justice to the serious substance and the disciplined and subtle manner of mind revealed in its pages. This book is free, on the whole, from technical terms, and consists of scattered essays, but each of these is dialectically closely knit—Professor Singer professes a preference for mathematical language—and though there is unmistakable ardor in these pages, it is the heat of banked fires.

In a brief review one can only state with a looseness that should be anathema to its author, and perhaps a treachery to his thought, what seem to be the main themes of his analysis. These are "fugitive papers," but bound together by an inner and essential consistency of mood and insight. This can be exemplified by the closing paragraph of the first essay, on Esthetic and the Rational Ideal:

If it is not in his love of beauty that man's deepest craving lies, is it in his love of knowledge; is it in his love of goodness? Or is it perhaps in his reaching out for a something more ultimate than anything science, or morality, or art can offer; yet a something only to be approached as humanity advances in its science, its morality, its art? Whatever the answer, however difficult to find, there can be no more practical question than this; our one chance of living contentedly in an essentially painful world is our chance of finding what we would live for.

The content considered is the philosopher's content, the modest, almost tragic remnant of happiness open to a mind cured of easy hopes and unexamined illusions. Content is arrived at only after one has traversed the fires of successive incredulities, finding the "suspicion" of ulterior truths in insights successively inadequate. The "philosophies of wine and love" are really imperfect avenues to forgetfulness; the only perfect forgetfulness, we are reminded, is death. Progress, the cooperative conquest of nature, is meaningless unless one's goal be defined. Evolution may move to a superman, but the "superman is not a goal, unless he is a god."

Mr. Singer prescribes no goals, except the movement toward a realization in which the "temporal" and the "eternal" may both be embraced. One loves the temporal, some unique manifestation, something irreplaceable that dies. But one is "loyal," as Royce suggested, to an ideal limit involved in all specific objects of love, and in all cooperating wills. "Shall the lonely griefs and joys of men forever remain a pluralistic universe? Need they, if thought and will are bent in common religious interest on making this universe *one*?"

There are many implications to that sentence which a careful reader of this careful book will find: the ineluctable individuation of personality—Mr. Singer sees and clarifies the points of the great mystics; the importance of indefinables in life; and the moral urgency of definition if we are to "make secure for eternity the treasures of the moment." Mr. Singer might be described as an empirical idealist; Royce is stamped on these pages, but so is scientific method. He defines with rigor and austerity, yet with a tender sense of "ancient magic in new philosophies," the movement of individual will toward a common beckoning good, always distant, yet always implicit in love and in understanding. The essay *Confessio Philosophi* is a candid and touching account of how one fastidious mind came to this conclusion, now not very fashionable but recurrent in the history of thought, and perhaps in any age—or so one is tempted to believe after reading this book—the only alternative to callousness or despair. It is challenging to have this thesis so closely argued by a professional philosopher notable among his colleagues for precise analysis and intellectual candor.

IRWIN EDMAN

Images in Contemplation

NEW POEMS. By Frederick Mortimer Clapp. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

THE truly poetic mind confined within itself, "alien to what will be and what has been," may create art. Frederick Mortimer Clapp, one of the finest though one of the least-known of our imagist poets, now organizing director of the Frick Art Museum, has such a mind. It was evidenced in his earlier books, "The Overland and Other Poems," "New York and Other Poems," and "Joshua Trees." These poems were concerned always with the mind, as it selected sense impressions, turned them over, and thought them through,

and always ended upon the theme of individual isolation. Love, in the earlier poems, was part solace and part emotional ecstasy. The theme of this new book, the only one Mr. Clapp has published in fifteen years, is the contemplation of death as the end of his own significance.

As the author of scholarly works—"Des Dessins de Pontorno" (in French), "Jacopo Carucci, His Life and Works," and other essays—Mr. Clapp is a recognized authority. Poetry has been his passion, however, though he could devote himself to it but seldom. A classical and Elizabethan scholar, a lecturer on the history of art, and an appraiser and collector of paintings, he has led a busy life. The imprint of his years of travel in many countries and of his study of painting is on his poetry. His lines are packed with exact pictures of what he has seen and of what has become most significant to him.

If Mr. Clapp's poems lack the simplicity of H. D.'s more emotional imagist poems, they have more richness of coloration. He has, moreover, always handled the more conventional rhythms in a unique way. I have remembered for many years certain lyrics in the earlier books. In "New Poems" we have a richer rhythmical music, a greater use of rhyme. Free verse as a form is rarely used these days. Mr. Clapp's ability to make it choral, to give it an intellectual and emotional coherence is very unusual. Now and then, to be sure, we find in the new collection poems in which too many images pile up. Others, however, though they begin in complexity, flow suddenly into a conclusive definition of meaning, such a summary as the mind makes after the body has reacted to sensuous impressions. Nevertheless, I think that the stricter poetic forms suit better Mr. Clapp's austerity of feeling. Despite his ability to recreate sounds, sights, and smells, he is essentially a thinker who would resolve feeling into an austere contemplation.

TALONS

As death comes nearer fiercely the hoofs beat
On the stampeded days, Yet age is not
These sloping shadows that bury the noon's heat
But the collapse of thoughts that chill and clot
In the dimming brain. Once like citadels,
Cliff-perched to dare adventure to their gates,
They seemed, those thoughts, that now the mist that dwells
In the heart itself of time obliterates.
Hoofs in the mist! There is no pathway back
Out of this place blown bare of tree or flower.
Age stumbles on, and stalling to attack,
Hovering, circles, circles an unseen hour.
Then, like a hawk, seeing the prey it likes,
Snaps shut its wings and, flashing headlong, strikes.

Too much statement of thought destroys, of course, the pure imagist technique. Usually, however, Mr. Clapp speaks for himself out of the image. He does not, as does H. D., allow the image to stand alone pictorially and represent his emotion. Born in another age this poet would have been a mystic. Born in this, his tortuous process has been to free himself of solace, to cast aside fear, to observe clear-sightedly the process of annihilation through which we all must go. He sees the poet's problem as that of the individual mind, peculiarly sensitive to impressions, turning upon itself for food. As the senses fail with age, the intellect registers whatever reactions there be to all that is accumulatively known by a single spirit. All the poems in this book are in one way or another the reflections of a poetic mind which holds no brief for past, present, or future, but would know itself.

EDA LOU WALTON

Our Far Eastern Policy

THE FAR-EASTERN CRISIS. By Henry L. Stimson. Harper and Brothers. \$2.75.

OFFICIAL apologies are frequently so distorted as to be practically useless as an accurate record of the events which they concern. To this general rule Mr. Stimson's book is a brilliant exception. Nowhere except in the report of the Lytton committee will one find a fairer or more comprehensive treatment of the crisis arising from the Japanese occupation of Manchuria and subsequent invasion of Shanghai. And while the Lytton Report traces the course of League action from a contemporaneous point of view, Mr. Stimson, from his experience as Secretary of State during the crucial period, presents the official position of the American government. He also has the advantage of viewing the struggle with the perspective made possible by the subsequent unfolding of Japan's grandiose ambitions on the continent of Asia.

Perhaps the most controversial aspect of American policy in this crisis is that which concerns the first few weeks of the struggle. When word first came of the attack on Mukden and other vital centers in Manchuria, the State Department had no illusions regarding the nature of the conflict. It was immediately recognized that the attack was provoked by the extreme military party in Japan without regard for international law and world public opinion. It was also evident that Baron Shidehara, the Japanese Foreign Minister, together with other civilian leaders, was completely out of sympathy with the action of the military clique. It was therefore an open question whether the civilian elements, if not handicapped by too much pressure from outside, could regain control and check the aggressive tendencies of the militarists. On this point the State Department guessed wrong. While the United States was refraining from open pressure against Japan in the hope of strengthening Shidehara, the military leaders were pursuing their preconceived course of action, which could only result in the complete elimination of the moderates. Meanwhile the United States had blocked an early effort of the League's to send an investigating commission, and had contributed, to take the kindest view of the effect of America's action, to the fatal procrastination which permitted Japan to take over the whole of Manchuria without effective protest. No one can say definitely that Japan could have been stopped, but it is obvious from subsequent events that the time for decisive action was in the first days of the invasion. And if such action was to have any effect on the military mind, it would have had to consist of more than note writing. Collective pressure by the powers, involving the threat of economic or military action, might have succeeded where efforts at conciliation were spurned. At the worst it could have scarcely provoked retaliation as long as it involved cooperation among all the leading nations.

Whatever mistakes may have been made at this time, it cannot be denied that Mr. Stimson possesses a clear understanding of the necessity for collective action. Few more persuasive or substantial arguments for collective security have been written than that contained in this book. And contrary to the generally expressed opinion, Mr. Stimson believes that the joint action taken in the Sino-Japanese dispute, while falling short of its immediate goal, laid the groundwork for future cooperation. Although the failure to

curb Japan was discouraging, such action as was taken seems to have prepared the way for sanctions against Italy four years later. Mr. Stimson would not give up the struggle merely because the aggressors have won a temporary victory. Above all, he does not think that the United States should abandon its interests in the Far East, basing his position not only on our substantial financial and political stake in the East but even more on the necessity for preserving and strengthening the system of cooperative action which has already been created.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

The Art of Hogarth

WILLIAM HOGARTH: THE COCKNEY'S MIRROR. By Marjorie Bowen. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$5.

THE danger noted by Lamb when he wrote that "we look at other painters but we *read* Hogarth" is not entirely heeded in the present work. The statement of Sir Walter Armstrong that "of no considerable painter has so little been written in his primitive capacity of an artist" still holds for Hogarth's English biographers.

In this respect it is interesting to note how the paths followed by Austin Dobson and Miss Bowen tend to converge. Dobson began his biography with the premise that Hogarth's chief claim upon posterity was "as a pictorial chronicler of life and manners and as a satirist and humorist on canvas." He concluded that this was "an exceptional genius, not to be entirely accounted for by any preconceived theory respecting his race, his epoch, or his environment." Miss Bowen, at the start, stresses the fact this was the art of a cockney inhabitant of Georgian London, and at the end reluctantly admits that if Hogarth failed fully to achieve himself the lack lay in the man rather than in the uninspiring temper of the times.

Before arriving at this conclusion, Miss Bowen attempts to set the stage for an actor who frequently refuses to play his part. Thus we have the spectacle of a distressed biographer struggling to account for an engraver who, despite the fact that he produced the century's most trenchant satires, never properly mastered his craft, of a colorist whose chromatics were sometimes inferior to the "black masters" whom he reviled, of a portraitist whose late work was occasionally technically less able than his early. How is a biographer to reconcile the conflicting characteristics of a man who, blind to all art but his own, attempts a burlesque of Rembrandt; who quarrels with every friend except his faithful Jane; who, while contending that the not unprovoked attacks of Wilkes and Collins dealt a mortal blow, is unsparing of the physical infirmities of Pope? With such a one the only consistency which the biographer can hope to achieve is in the frank admission of his inconsistencies. For this kind of candor it is only at the end that Miss Bowen's stomach is sufficiently stout. That she also considers Hogarth the victim of a tasteless and unappreciative age seems somewhat too thin-skinned an attitude toward genius, which nothing short of physical starvation can stop; for Hogarth "a bitter age, coarse, heartless, tinged with despair" was fertile soil for satire.

She does, however, rate much admiration for the fashion in which she has recreated an unregenerate age and for her appreciation of the side of Hogarth so long neglected by his compatriots; that side which, in defiance of time and tradition, brought forth, not in the satires but in such rare performances as *The Shrimp Girl*, England's unique contribution to the art of painting.

VIRGINIA NIRDLINGER

Shorter Notices

THE LONELY WAYFARING MAN: EMERSON AND SOME ENGLISHMEN. By Townsend Scudder. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

Mr. Scudder has gathered together all the available material on Emerson's English friendships and organized it into a surprisingly well-constructed and lively book. The period considered, between Emerson's first and last trips to England, covers the important years of his life; the emphasis is particularly on his English lecture tour. Mr. Scudder gives us brief glimpses of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Landor, and a half-dozen other Victorian figures, but it is Carlyle who steals the show; his long friendship with Emerson provides a unifying theme for the book. Because of the vitality, the humor, and sympathy of Mr. Scudder's picture of Carlyle and partly because of the man's naturally dramatic personality, the Scotchman elbows Emerson out of the place of honor. The story of the friendship between these two men so antithetical in character and ideas makes good reading. The secondary figures—John Sterling, Jane Carlyle, Clough, Crab Robinson, and the irrepressible Harriet Martineau—are all vividly presented. The chapter on Clough suggests much of the tragedy of that almost forgotten poet's life. Mr. Scudder's aim has been to construct a biographical study of Emerson as seen through the eyes of his British contemporaries, and he has collected a good deal of new information about Emerson's friendships and about the English attitude toward him. But Emerson himself remains indistinct in the midst of these fine studies of his English friends.

BURROUGHS MITCHELL

PRELUDE TO "ICAROS." By John Williams Andrews. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

This is one of the more readable, as it is one of the more ambitious, of the numerous aeronautical epics composed since our poets became air-minded. Although it is a first book, its author appears to have taken both his craft and his subject with uncommon seriousness. His story moves in nimbly cadenced free verse to whose making the work of his Yale contemporaries MacLeish and S. V. Benét may have contributed. According to the publisher, Mr. Andrews became a licensed pilot in order to gather material, and he is obviously erudite in the literature of flying. As a result, he is able to tell interestingly the history of flight, from mythological times through the French balloonists to the Wright Brothers—and there is promise of more to come about Lindbergh. The best parts of the book are those dealing with the tinkering at Kitty Hawk, where the neat handling even of technical detail contrasts with the gusty profusion of the mythological sections. Mr. Andrews is interested in flying for the sensations it gives him, for the drama of its invention, and for its appeasement of his romantic escapism. On the day I first read the poem the news came that fifty noncombatants had been killed in an aerial bombardment of Madrid. There is no indication in the poem that the airplane has such potentialities. One concludes that Mr. Andrews has not seen all round his subject, as did, for example, Muriel Rukeyser in her "Theory of Flight."

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

WARD EIGHT. By Joseph F. Dinneen. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

This account of the rise of a machine politician in Boston's historic Ward Eight is a novel which might better have been

written as non-fiction. Mr. Dinneen has a great deal of interesting material on the organizational aspects of ward politics, much of it no doubt remembered from his childhood in Boston's North End, some of it probably picked up during his years as a reporter on the *Boston Globe*. Unfortunately, his choice of medium seems to have hampered him in the presentation of this material. Having limited himself to the story of one man's life, he has accordingly limited his field of vision. The whole social, economic, and political life of Boston forms merely a border for the figure of the hero. The ward itself is fairly clearly delineated, but the city and the state are shadowy. Mr. Dinneen is not a creative writer of sufficient authority to make this emphasis seem anything but false. What Mr. Dinneen has observed seems inevitably of more moment than that which he has imagined.

MARY MCCARTHY

AROUSE AND BEWARE. By MacKinlay Kantor. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

The author of "Long Remember," a large and complex novel about the Battle of Gettysburg, offers in this shorter book a simpler narrative of the escape made by three persons through the Confederate lines above Richmond in 1864. Two of them are soldiers who have broken out of the prison camp at Belle Isle; the third is a woman, Naomi Kincaid, who has stabbed a Confederate officer and is flying north for her life. Stumbling, stealing, starving, and sleeping together for many days and nights in a war-infected wilderness, they reach the Rapidan River at last; but not until after the men have become rivals for the woman, and not until after all three of them have suffered every torture both of mind and of body. The story of the triangle is less interesting than the larger story of war which Mr. Kantor tells with so much learning and imagination. His wilderness is truly terrible because it is a human wilderness, inhabited by a population out of which almost every virtue has been drained by the slow tide of war. Somewhat in the manner of Stephen Crane, but with a heavier emphasis befitting the time for which he writes, Mr. Kantor constructs this wilderness and hands it to us without comment. It is an excellent document, worth preserving.

MARK VAN DOREN

DRAMA

What Porridge Had John Keats?

RECENT discoveries are said to indicate that Fanny Brawne was not the heartless creature she has always been supposed and that she was not, after all, wholly unaware of the fact that the John Keats who loved her with so feverish a love was no ordinary man. They do not, I believe, give any reason for supposing that, Romeo-like, he actually spent one night in her arms before embarking upon the fatal journey to Italy, but that privilege is granted him a century later by the author of the play called "Aged 26," which undertakes to tell his story at the Lyceum Theater. For the most part it is, however, much more cautious in handling the facts, and it is marked by a kind of artless sincerity which holds the attention once one has grown accustomed to seeing great men trotted out for the sake of

atmosphere and immortal poems being perused in manuscript by trusting publishers who murmur, "Hm, this is very good, indeed. We shall have another volume soon." At one point in the first act, when not only Keats himself but also Byron, Shelley, Gifford, and Lockhart are on the stage at the same time, one is reminded of some of the deathless stage directions in "Savonarola" Brown's life work, and when everybody is so carefully explaining who everybody else is, one expects momentarily to hear something like, "This is Mr. Lockhart, who will one day write a great biography of Sir Walter Scott."

I shall not pretend that Robert Harris in the leading role ever quite persuaded me that he had actually just tossed off the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" or that, after a struggle, he had actually just hit upon the line "Season of mist and mellow fruitfulness" as exactly what he had been looking for as the beginning to an "Ode to Autumn." No one, I suspect, could quite do that. To me, at least, it is easier to believe that an actor is George Washington about to cross the Delaware or that he is Napoleon and has just won the Battle of Waterloo than it is to believe that he has just written a great book or just painted a picture I have seen in the Louvre. That is one of the reasons why an artist seems to me one of the worst possible subjects for a play, and why I hope that the strange epidemic of plays about writers will not last very long.

The fact remains, however, that Mr. Harris does pretty nearly everything except the impossible, and that it is doubtless largely due to him that "Aged 26" takes on no little life once one has got over the impression unfortunately created in the beginning that we are in for nothing more or less than a painless—or at least moderately painless—course in the history of English literature. Mr. Harris is simple, restrained, gentle, and not unimpressive. He accepts the fact that Keats, like most great artists, probably bore few visible signs of his greatness and behaved in general very much as any other young man who was like him in everything except genius would have behaved. The result is to make the portrait extremely engaging and about as convincing as Keats as anyone could make it. Linda Watson is also extremely good as Fanny, and Kenneth McKenna as one of the devoted publishers.

What interests me most is the question why so many biographical plays should suddenly have made their appearance, and it is hard not to suspect that there is a genuine if negative significance in the fact. It must mean some sudden emptiness, some inability on the part of playwrights to discover themes which seem to them significant, and a consequent tendency to look not only for ready-made stories but for ready-made stories to which history has contributed a significance that cannot be questioned. Perhaps the present emphasis upon sociological themes has something to do with the situation. Perhaps the playwright whose interests do not go in that direction has been made to feel that the only way a play without sociological significance can be made to seem "important" at all is to give it a subject whose "importance" is already established. Or perhaps, as the sociologists themselves would prefer to argue, there are no contemporary subjects the significance of which is not in some way sociological. In either event it is difficult to regard any biographical play which is essentially no more than a dramatization of known facts as other than a sort of stop-gap. It cannot be really first-rate dramatic creation. There is not enough of the playwright in it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

Ethiopia and the Red Square

IN TWO quiet weeks before the Christmas storm I have seen nothing on the screen that was more interesting than a series of Russian newsreels (technically known as documentary films) at the Cameo. This is not to say that the two weeks were wasted, for good documents are good things, and these were miles out of the ordinary. They possessed that special power which all natural things have, the power of stimulating the observer to think quietly—and sometimes queerly—by himself. The leading film in the present case, called "Abyssinia" because it was about "The Fascist Rape of Ethiopia," prodded me for instance to think some thoughts of which I am not proud but which I must record. I was duly horrified by the bombing of hospitals, and I certainly saw nothing to make me glad that the Italians had ever left Italy; but I found it impossible to accept the Ethiopians as figures in a tragedy. Had they been savages I might have seen them so, or had they been civilized. The pathetic and even ridiculous thing about them was that they were neither; they were halfway between—hybrids under umbrellas—and in some nerveless, listless way irrelevant either to pity or to wrath. They were too long out of darkness to remember it, and they had not yet emerged into light. The camera painted them a transitional gray, just as it molded them into the thin shapes of ghosts. Many of their faces were beautiful, but the bodies below them had lost their dignity; at about the same time, I suppose, that the villages had lost their character. It was unspeakably pathetic, this rape, and decidedly nothing for a European nation to boast about. But I could not see it as the fall of a great people, or even of an interesting one.

Whereas the Russian people in the films which followed "Abyssinia" seemed greater than the camera knew how to say. My reflections at the moment were doubtless naive, but they sprang directly from what I saw, and this is what I saw—particularly in the film called Youth Day March in Moscow. A nation of young men and women marched across a huge square, and everyone of them was happy. They were strong first of all, for they were by way of being athletes; but each of their faces glowed with smiles that could be seen a block off. I seem to be making them out a waxwork army, a poster people. They were not that. The smiles must have had a deep inner source, for they kept on coming and they broke over the faces with an entirely natural joy. There could have been no rehearsal for this; nobody could have taught the art of smiling so, for it is not an art. I felt like the old Philadelphian who upon being taken for the first time to Niagara Falls stared at it a long time and then was heard to exclaim: "But it *can't* be artificial!" This couldn't be propaganda. Which means that it was excellent propaganda—the best, in fact, that has come out of Russia to my knowledge.

Someone told me that I should see Shirley Temple in her latest and best picture because in this picture she was more herself than usual, and less the dancing doll. I have no prejudice against child actors—quite the contrary, in fact—and so I went to see "Stowaway" (Twentieth Century-Fox). She dances only once, but she is still a doll. This remains a pity, for if someone could be induced to let the child alone for a minute she might smile in the right places and discover that her voice was her own.

MARK VAN DOREN

Letters to the Editors

Sitdown in Java

Dear Sirs: Whatever Louis Adamic touches he endows with the qualities of his forceful and colorful personality. None of your readers can escape the charm of his story of the sitdown in rubber in *The Nation* of December 5. But Mr. Adamic's cheerful narrative neglected to mention the fact that Goodyear is completing its first twelve months' operation of a giant new factory at Buitenzorg, Java, where in the midst of a plantation of some 8,000,000 mature rubber trees the docile Javanese are being taught to make tires. The project has Mr. Litchfield's particular blessing, and naturally the Dutch are enthusiastic.

If this is not the industry's answer to the sitdown, if the flight of rubber to this "Sans Souci" and others has not, as other writers claim, already doomed Akron, will Mr. Adamic tell us why? One other point. Mr. Adamic describes the police as helpless in the face of a stay-in. Maybe in Akron. But elsewhere the management's reply seems to be tear gas.

BERNARD RAYMUND

Dublin, Ohio, December 15

Chain Stores and Independents

Dear Sirs: I read with a great deal of interest the article in the November 28 *Nation* by my colleague, Representative Wright Patman, entitled *Curbing the Chain Store*. I vigorously opposed the passage of this legislation on the floor of the House and before the Judiciary Committee, of which I am a member. It was opposed by practically every economist of note, including Professors Malcolm P. McNair of Harvard, M. C. Waltersdorf of Washington and Jefferson College, W. A. Carter of Dartmouth, C. C. Huntington of Ohio State University, Walter E. Spahr of New York University, and T. R. Snively of the University of Virginia. I have yet to discover any worthwhile economist who has espoused it.

My distinguished colleague states that as a direct result of this bill "small business is expanding, new buildings are being built and vacant ones occupied, men and women are being employed, the farmer is being aided by getting a fair return for his crops, . . . consumers . . .

are getting lower prices because monopoly has been checked and competition increased." Congressman Patman has assigned to his bill (which only became effective June 16, 1936) the cumulative results of more than three years of effort by the present Administration.

He speaks of a boon to the farmer but fails to indicate that the farmers were directly opposed to the passage of the act and continue in their opposition to it. The American Farm Bureau Federation, the National Grange, the National Co-operative Milk Producers' Federation, the Farmers' National Grain Corporation, and the Northeast Farmers' Union Legislative Committee, to name a few of the more important organizations, opposed it. It is pertinent to observe that Secretary of Agriculture Wallace was a vigorous opponent.

As a ranking member of the Judiciary Committee of the House, I opposed this bill primarily because it would be a raw deal for the consumer. It involves an annual increase in cost of food to the consumer of approximately \$750,000,000. The increase in the cost of clothes and other essentials is comparable. Professor Harold G. Moulton, of the Brookings Institution, recently said: "This bill, in so far as it would strike at all those who have heretofore been effective in reducing prices, to that extent will raise prices."

Large distributors, buying large quantities, are able to pass benefits in reduction in price on to the consumer. The Robinson-Patman Act, in so far as it would strike at quantity discounts, even if they be discretionary, to that extent impedes the passing on to the consumer of savings in price.

The bill was expected to assist the small retailer, but I fear the small retailer who urged its adoption has been following false prophets. Small wholesalers and retailers have written me advising that they are being dropped by their sources of supply and can no longer purchase the articles essential to their continuance in business. Many manufacturers are refusing to sell to small dealers and are confining their sales to large purchasers, to whom they grant discounts. Therefore the retailers and small wholesalers must buy from large distributors. The ultimate consumer must thus pay for the profits of several middlemen.

A rather new and unfortunate note in legal procedure is struck in that the bill provides that a defendant in proceedings before the Federal Trade Commission must prove that he is innocent. He must exculpate himself. A mere charge constitutes a *prima facie* case. Contrary to our time-honored tradition, he is considered guilty unless he proves his innocence.

EMANUEL CELLER,

M. C. Tenth New York District
New York, December 12

The Fall of Weirton

Dear Sirs: A few weeks ago the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee staged what might be called a coup at Weirton. Seven thousand employees of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company have been on strike now for several weeks. To keep up the workers' morale and increase the solidarity between plants, several steel organizers arranged for a caravan of 25 cars, holding 100 glass workers, to go to Weirton to help distribute *Steel Labor*. With them were several S. W. O. C. organizers, the committee's attorney, Lee Pressman, and a man ready to file \$10,000 in bond in the event of anyone's arrest. There were also three investigators of the La Follette committee. Papers were distributed at every mill gate. A few of the workers looked at the papers guardedly and put them in the rubbish barrel; most of them stuck them in their pockets and walked off with them. Weir's police stood along the curb, said nothing, but wrote down, presumably, the names of those who took the papers. The La Follette committee investigators stopped their car and took a picture of the deputy writing down the workers' names. The deputy was so busy he did not even notice he was being photographed until someone from the office across the street cried: "Hey, you're going to get a free ride to Washington for this. You had your picture taken."

The workers have not had such a sense of freedom since the summer of 1933, after the NIRA was enacted. The organizers are signing them up right in the Weirton mills. Incidentally Steve Barron, who was beaten up by company police shortly before the election, was elected constable in Weir's own stronghold.

ROSE M. STEIN

Pittsburgh, December 20

Personal History

Dear Sirs: Yesterday I visited a department of the city government with the object of collecting a bill. About a year ago our company erected a building for this department, under PWA supervision, since which time we have repented, confessed, and begged for absolution.

At the end of my five-hour interview, it appeared that only one item blocked payment of our last \$10,000—a hitherto overlooked claim by the city that we might have provided a typewriter sooner than we did. It was tentatively suggested that we might have saved \$24 by our delay.

Behold me arguing about that \$24 for five hours with three well-paid officials! Why? Because to admit their claim would necessitate a change order.

A change order starts with a request from the architect for the building (who is at loggerheads with the department architect and would be reluctant to make it) and a reply from us, in two originals and nine copies, all signed. These reside on the desk of the department architect for six weeks. Eventually, if our papers do not get lost, they are moved from the department architect's desk to the deputy commissioner's office for signature, then back to the department architect for transmittal to the department auditor. The auditor loses them with surprising promptness. If I spend a morning in his office, he finds them. If it happens to be a Wednesday morning, he will probably stamp them Thursday. Then away they go again, through channels, to the Director of the Budget.

This good man works fast and obligingly—but one never knows how or when the papers reach him. In his turn he transmits them to the State Director of the Public Works Administration—which means in effect that they get lost in the mail department at 2 Lafayette Street. A visit to a rather temperamental old engineer who represents the state director on this project may produce them. If and when this individual, in his turn, receives a report from the resident engineer inspector in the field, he comments on our proposal and returns it to the mail department. From this point one week will generally suffice to get it across the street to the city department in question, and in three weeks more we may receive a letter some fine morning stating that our \$24 credit is accepted, and the way is clear for our \$10,000 payment, which can then be had in two months.

The saddest part of all this is that the men who, through force of unfortunate

circumstances, have become government officials appear to be scrupulously honest, most of them intelligent, many of them well-intentioned, some extremely hard-working. The incredible madhouse which results from their labors is a sore discouragement to anyone who favors a planned economy.

For every dollar our company spends in supervision of construction we spend just about two on paper work.

I offer no answer. I merely add that our company views the return of private enterprise to construction with unmixed joy.

A HARASSED CONTRACTOR
New York, December 14

Help the Seamen

Dear Sirs: As a survivor of the Mohawk disaster I came to learn about the conditions suffered by the men who man our ships, and am writing you on their behalf. I know how just their demands are in the present strike and am convinced that victory for them will mean greater safety for crew and passenger alike.

I most urgently ask the readers of *The Nation* to help the strikers win. To do this, they must have food, clothing, shelter, funds.

Contributions may be sent to the Citizens' Committee to Aid the Striking Seamen, 232 West Twenty-second Street, New York. The telephone number is Watkins 9-7447.

SARAH JACKSON SMITH,
Secretary

New York, December 22

Reward of Confidence

Dear Sirs: It may interest you to know that the accurate information and forecast of *The Nation* and Mr. Ward brought me in \$300. I had absolute confidence in the impartiality of the election news in *The Nation* and rejected the public press, which gave an entirely different picture, and the *Digest* poll, which turned out the best farce of the period.

C. O. GRIFFIN

Lindsay, Cal., December 15

Correction

[In our issue of November 28 we referred to the Anarchist newspaper *Man* as having discontinued publication in 1929. On the contrary, *Man* was not born until January, 1930, and, as its editor assures us, is still very much alive. At present it is being published in New York City.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

CONTRIBUTORS

WALTER DURANTY is an Englishman by birth whose dispatches from Russia since the early years of the Soviet regime have made him perhaps the best-known foreign correspondent of the American press. His book, "I Write As I Please," was among the earliest of the sagas of foreign correspondents which have made such vivid reading during the last two years. After a brief period of reporting the civil war in Spain he is now on a visit to this country.

EDWARD LEVINSON is labor editor of the *New York Post* and author of "I Break Strikes," an account of the activities of Pearl Bergoff and his scabs.

PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN, rabbi of the B'rith Kodesh Temple of Rochester, New York, and chairman of the Committee on International Peace, has spent much time studying Jewish problems in Europe. He expects soon to return to Palestine on a sabbatical leave of absence.

HENRY C. WOLFE, lecturer and writer on European affairs, has recently returned from his annual trip to Central Europe and the Balkans.

JAMES STILL was born in Alabama, educated in Tennessee, and now lives in Troublesome Creek, Kentucky. His poems and short stories have appeared in the *Yale Review*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Poetry*, and other periodicals.

CYRIL KAY-SCOTT, formerly dean of the School of Art at the University of Denver and curator of the Denver Art Museum, is at present one of the directors of the Federal Art Project in New York City.

IRWIN EDMAN, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, is the author of "The Mind of Paul" and the editor of Santayana's collected philosophical works.

VIRGINIA NIRDLINGER has been art critic and book reviewer for *International Studio* and *Fine Arts*.

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